

Catholic Digest

25¢

THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Vol. 6

APRIL, 1942

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CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

And now, O Lord, O King, O God of Abraham, have mercy on Thy people, because our enemies resolve to destroy us, and extinguish Thy inheritance. Hear my supplication, and be merciful to Thy lot and inheritance, and turn our mourning into joy, that we may live and praise Thy name, O Lord.

Epistle from the Mass for Wednesday of the 2nd Week of Lent.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

55 E. TENTH STREET

ST. PAUL
MINNESOTA



Entered as second-class
matter, November 11th,
1936, at the post office
at St. Paul, Minnesota,
under Act of March 3rd,
1879.

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Catholic Digest, Inc.



The Braille edition of The
Catholic Digest is distributed
gratis to the blind.



Indexed in the
Catholic Periodical Index.

The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



Published Monthly. Subscription price, \$3.00 the year—2 years for \$5.00. Your own and a gift subscription \$5.00. No charge for foreign postage. Printed in the U. S. A.

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Rome at War and Peace

Urbe et orbe

By E. F. CARNAHAN

Condensed from *America**

The day Mussolini declared war on what he called "the pluto-democracies," the lights of Rome went out. The crowds called to Piazza Venezia to listen to "their Master's Voice," walked back afterwards in dead silence, in groups of twos and threes, their faces set as if they were returning from a funeral.

The blackout began that very night, and complete darkness descended on Rome and its narrow old streets and beautiful *piazze*; only the moon lit up its numberless cupolas and obelisks and shone on the great dome of St. Peter's brooding over the Holy City. It looked like a dream city. Silence and shadows reigned. Even the lights in front of the Madonnas on the wayside shrines, that had burned unceasingly for centuries, were blotted out for the first time.

The French planes came over Rome

those first nights of the war, but they only dropped billets-doux, which were eagerly collected next morning, and even more diligently sought after by the police upon rooftops and terraces. One read: "You have wanted war, here it is. Throw over Mussolini and we will be friends!" Although no bombs were thrown, a number of Romans were killed by the shooting of antiaircraft guns, and it was jestingly whispered around Rome that "the Italo-Italian war" had started! Those were still the gay days of the war, when everyone said it would be over in three months: "France was rotten, England did not want to fight, She was an old lion with no teeth and, anyway, the English know only how to make tea!" The U. S. was too far away to care, and wallowing in her riches; the world was Italy's for the taking.

*329 W. 108th St., New York City. Feb. 21, 1942.

Now after 18 months of war, there is a poignant sadness over Rome. The international, Catholic Rome has melted out of sight. The English, Canadian, Scotch and French colleges all closed overnight; our American College, too, the doors of which had never been shut since its foundation in 1860. How often it is said around Via dell'Umiltà, Castel Gandolfo and Villa S. Caterina: "Ah, the *Americani*, our generous *Americani*. They are not here any more!"

The streets are unnaturally quiet; there is so little traffic. Automobiles have been suspended for lack of gas, although some still crawl around with little charcoal furnaces on their backs. They get stalled on the hills and the patient driver has to get out and climb on top of the little stove to stoke it. The cab horses cannot make the hills either. Their legs are thin and weak; they have no more oats and, as an old cabman explained, "They eat what we have, potatoes and vegetables." Only the Germans still tour about town at top speed in high-powered cars. Food and coal are very scarce and there is great suffering among the poor.

When eggs were 1 lira 80 apiece, a poor, embittered woman of the Trastevere, who could ill afford that price, walked resolutely into a shop to buy one. When she had secured it, she looked up at the photo of the Duce, which hangs in every shop in Italy; she aimed well, then hurled the egg

at him, saying, "Eat it while we die of hunger!" In a second a detective was on the spot seeking the culprit. No one betrayed her.

Meat has been rationed for the last year at 80 grams per person, sold on Saturdays only. Every scrap of suet has been scraped off beforehand for the war machine. Macaroni, so dear to Italians, is rationed at two kilograms per person a month, but it is dark and sour and disintegrates while cooking.

All of Italy's golden oil is sent to Germany while she imports third-rate Spanish oil, brown and muddy, for her own people. "We are Germany's little puppy," say the Romans. "She drags us around on a rope and does not even give us enough food to eat." Whenever the two dictators meet for a war council, the secret comment on it is: "*Consiglio di volpi, strage di galline!*" (Council of foxes, slaughter of chickens!) Of course the Italians are the chickens.

Olive oil is the principal merchandise on the black market. Both buyer and seller get prison terms of two to four years if they are caught. It is strictly forbidden to transport olive oil, and the police are ever on the alert around the stations and in buses and trains for heavy-looking suitcases which might contain oil. In a small town of the Abruzzi, as the peasants were going back to Rome after Christmas, each striving to take a little extra

food to their families, a lone valise was spotted by a detective on the station platform. He sought the owner among the crowd and when no one claimed the bag he opened it himself. It was packed with bottles of olive oil. Its silent owner lost his oil but did not go to jail.

Worst of all, there is no soap. Only a tiny piece two inches square is sold on each ration card per month. It is so hard one can scarcely believe it is soap. It looks like a piece of stone out of the catacombs and is excellent for cleaning knives, as it contains much sand and potash, but it is a bit tough on the complexion. When all soap disappeared, the women of the Trastevere, where Mussolini has never been popular, threatened to leave all their soiled linen under the famous Romeo and Juliet balcony at Piazza Venezia: "You have the soap," they planned to say, "wash them!" But the ringleaders were jailed before they could act.

Ever since the Abyssinian war, the bread has been steadily getting blacker and heavier; what is put into it is a dark secret and must not be investigated. One morning a drab little loaf was found tucked under the arm of the bronze statue of Julius Caesar on Via del Impero, with this wicked rhyme pinned to it:

*Tu che hai lo stomaco di ferro,
Mangiati il pane del impero!
(You with the iron entrails take
And eat the bread our Empire bakes!)*

One meets Germans in every street and bus, generally in civilian attire. Many of the big hotels and boarding-houses and all the vacant furnished apartments are taken over by Germans and their families, who come down to sunny Italy to escape the bombardments and the cold.

There are detectives everywhere; one must always remember that! Telephone wires are tapped, and your conversation may be recorded on a disk; in consequence telephones are avoided as much as possible. No names are ever mentioned on the phone or in letters; an important message is given to a trusted messenger, not put in the mail. The real news is carried by word of mouth, since nobody believes the newspapers or the radio. An old Italian woman of 96 years, who could neither read nor write, thus voiced her opinion: "Victories? Victories, and no peace! It is all lies!" She had seen five wars and said this one was the worst in her long lifetime.

Rumor adds to the spreading fire of the whispered word. In the market, when there is a sudden lack of vegetables and fruit, it is whispered, "Naples has been bombed by the English, the trains are all tied up." The authorities want the bombardments to be a strict secret and anyone who is heard speaking about them, even to his own brother, is taken to jail. The true facts of the war are not for the public; that

is why it is said by so many Italians to be "the war of the fascist party, not Italy's war." When the R. A. F. flies over terrified Naples, the Neapolitans shake their fists at the planes and shout: "Don't come here, the . . . (a word not mentioned in polite society, meaning the Duce) is in Rome!"

The government has also forbidden public prayers for peace in the churches; one must only pray for victory. The result is no public prayers at all, only many anguished private ones. Mothers and sisters and sweethearts go fasting and barefoot to the shrine of the Madonna del Divin Amore, 12 miles out in the Roman Campagna, to pray for the safety of their loved ones, to put their little battered photographs at the feet of this loving Mother, *che non dice mai no!* (who never says no!). Out in the peaceful Campagna, the sheep are feeding and the lambs are bleating and one wonders why there is no more lamb on the Roman market. The Germans take it all.

The one bright, comforting spot in the Eternal City is the house of the Vicar of Christ and Father of all, the beloved *Santo Padre*. As it was once said in a Vatican broadcast to America during the first weeks of the war, Rome has always been through the Christian centuries "an open city, defenseless because its arms are spiritual, a city on a hill open to all." Pope Pius XII has made this true today: he

has opened wide the doors of the Vatican to all of his children who still have access to him.

On Wednesday and on Sunday, and sometimes on a third day as well, thousands flock through the bronze doors in their working clothes. They line up around the various huge halls, and from nine until one o'clock, the white *Pastor Angelicus* makes his rounds and bends down to hear what each one has to say. Like a loving father, he looks into the eyes and souls of his children. He wants to help, console, advise and bless each one who comes to him. He is so gentle and tender that no one is ever afraid of him or shy. A monsignor follows closely with a large book and pencil, to take the name and address and petition of any person who asks something; and help is forthcoming when it is possible.

A special hall is reserved for the military, who flock in hundreds to each audience. Italians and Germans are separated. At first they were all together, but ructions occurred between them when some of the nazis refused to kneel down and the Italians tried to force them. The Germans are now received alone. They all go, if only out of curiosity—"I am Colonel So and So, I am Major, Captain, etc."—and shake hands with the Pope. He permits them to do it, because he is the Father of all "who makes no exceptions." This *alter Christus*, meek and

humble of heart, like the divine Master, does not want to add an iota to the ocean of hate already rising in the world at war. He said sadly when war began, "It is another deluge; it ought never to have started." The Romans call the Holy Father their best air defense.

Rome, because it is the Holy City, is left untouched, as if there were no air war on in Europe—a singular tribute of Protestant England to Cath-

olic Rome which cannot but bring a blessing to that once Catholic land, Mary's Dowry.

Every night before retiring, after a long, sorrowful day's work, the Holy Father goes to a window which overlooks Piazza San Pietro and gives a last blessing to the *urbe* of his birth and the vast *orbe* beyond, the blessing of the Vicar of Christ, and Father of all, who thinks constantly of all of his children.



Two Fronts

Singapore falls; women and children slaughtered; a beautiful city pillaged. American beauties traipse around the grocery stores for sugar to hoard in locked closets.

Malay gone; the East Indies about to go. Workers in a Ford plant strike because an AFL slugged a CIO.

The Burma Road is cut. OCD hires an actor.

The Allies beaten in Lybia. Committee reports 70% profits on war construction and manufacture.

The Dutch lose heavily in defense of our interests in the Far East. A dancer is put on the payroll to teach little kiddies to trip the light fantastic.

MacArthur fights his soul out in the Philippine jungles. Carelessness burns the Normandie.

A Macedonian cry for help comes from every quarter of the stricken world. Workmen haggle over a salary boost.

Taxpayers groan under the burden of unprecedented tax boosting. The secretary of the treasury enlists Mickey Mouse to tell 'em it is a bagatelle.

Java gone. Workers in war industries on the West Coast take time out to celebrate Washington's Birthday, which loses 100,000 man-hours in time of deadly peril.

Forde Harrison in the *Tidings* (1 March '42).

Mexico Celebrates

By JOHN W. WHITE

Achievement of social justice

Condensed from the *Washington Post**

Mexico just celebrated the 25th anniversary of the constitution of 1917 under which the country is carrying out one of the most interesting social revolutions of modern times. The constitution has become notable among world constitutions because of the success with which it achieved the social justice demanded by the exploited masses.

The anniversary finds the country well embarked on what government sources call the reconstruction period of the revolution. This reconstruction period was described by a cabinet minister recently as the most difficult stage of the revolution—the period of transition from revolutionary violence to tolerance and established order. Pres. Avila Camacho has assured the country that this tolerance and social peace will be achieved without giving up a single one of the many social and economic victories of the revolution.

The extremely difficult objective of the reconstruction period on which the Camacho administration embarked on Dec. 1, 1940, was to revive the confidence of foreign capital without losing the confidence of national labor. In the short period of 14 months, that objective appears to be within the

president's grasp. Foreign capital is again seeking investment in Mexico and labor has lined up behind the president 100% in his defense program and his cooperation with the U. S.

While guaranteeing labor its social conquests, the government has also guaranteed capital freedom from violence. Labor has been told that its rights have been recognized and will continue to be recognized, but that others also have rights which must be recognized and respected.

In the revolution of 1910 the masses overthrew Porfirio Díaz and the old feudal system which supported him. The constitution of 1917, framed under Carranza, guaranteed the masses those social reforms which had inspired the revolution. From the inauguration of Alvar Obregón in 1920, the revolution took on a decided leftist trend which reached its extreme under President Cardenas with the expropriation of private property and communist control of the school system. The present administration is guiding the revolution back toward center or perhaps a bit right of center.

The steps taken toward the right include the following: the labor law has been amended to terminate the

* *Washington, D. C. Feb. 13, 1942.*

abuse by labor of its right to strike; invested capital can now be removed from the country freely without the former punitive tax; private property is to be respected; communism has been removed from the school system; there is to be no more persecution of the Catholic Church, and the ban on religious teaching is being lifted.

Under the Camacho administration, the ministry of labor has become a government agency devoted to achieving a just balance between capital and labor, as provided by law. Former administrations considered it an organism for the sole defense of the workers.

One of labor's most jealously guarded victories under the constitution of 1917 is the right to strike. Under previous administrations this right was used as a means for blackmailing capital. The method was to strike without warning and then talk about grievances and remedies afterwards. The labor law has been amended to require 30 days' notice of intention to strike. During those 30 days, both sides are heard by a board of compulsory arbitration called the Federal Board of Conciliation and Arbitration. This board is composed of three members; they represent, respectively, the government, labor, and capital. If this board rules that the reasons given for striking do not justify the stoppage of work, the strike becomes illegal if called.

Two million workers have been unionized from doctors and lawyers down through the trades to peasants and household servants. Government clerks and schoolteachers have their own separate unions. Most of these unions, with their 2 million members, are grouped into three national federations, one of which, the Federation of Mexican Workers, has a million members. These federations exert a powerful influence on politics, and no government could exist without their support.

A far-reaching move to the right was the recent modification of Article 3 of the constitution, which provided that education shall be socialistic. This article was made the basis for persecuting the Catholic Church and making education communistic, on the theory that communism is the only true form of socialism. While the text of the article has not been touched, a new educational law has been framed defining Article 3 and regulating its application. This new law, drawn up under the personal direction of President Camacho, provides that the socialism to be taught in the Mexican schools shall be Mexican socialism and not Marxist socialism. While religious teaching remains barred from state schools, the new law provides that religion may be taught in the many private schools of Mexico. In the future most of them will teach the Catholic religion. Coeducation has been abol-

ished after several years of scandals which have spread general alarm among Mexican families. In the future, boys and girls will attend separate schools. Parents' associations are recognized as having equal interest with the state in the education of youth, and the new law provides that these associations are to cooperate with the school authorities in framing the school programs and other school regulations. Formerly, these programs were dictated arbitrarily by employees of the ministry of education, who have since been discharged because they were paid agents of the communist party.

The reconciliation of the Church and the state is undoubtedly one of the outstanding achievements of Camacho's administration. While campaigning for election, Camacho publicly declared his allegiance to the Church. This required considerable courage in a country which had outlawed religion. Today, the president and the archbishop of Mexico are close friends. Freedom of religion has been guaranteed, and the archbishop of Los Angeles recently led a large pilgrimage of prominent American Catholics to Mexico to celebrate that event. Church authorities express themselves as satisfied with the present relations between the state and Church, while

admitting that there remains much to be accomplished in this respect.

Political observers have noted a recent tendency to get away from the one-party system of government which has been in force ever since the revolution became consolidated. The Mexican Revolutionary Party has controlled the government since the framing of the constitution of 1917. It has been losing ground recently and there are indications of an early return to competitive party politics.

The outstanding event of the celebration marking the anniversary of the constitution was the removal of Carranza's ashes from the humble grave where they have lain since his assassination in 1920 to a niche in the great Monument of the Revolution, which stands in the center of the city. The masses revere the memory of the martyred president as the author of the many social victories they have won under his constitution of 1917. Among these reforms are a minimum wage of 2½ pesos [\$1.25] for an 8-hour day, a 6-day week, collective bargaining with the right to strike, free medical attention, an annual vacation with pay, free night schools for workers, separation indemnity, and special laws for women and minors, including equal pay for equal work, regardless of sex.



Nip the Nipponese
With Defense Bonds, Please.

Science Looks at Lourdes

Facts are facts

By MORRIS MARKEY

Condensed from *Liberty**

The private soldier, Pierre de Rudder, was back at last in Paris. But not the same Pierre de Rudder who had left months before.

They helped him from the train, and his wife stared at him with something close to horror. His right leg was encased to the hip in a heavy plaster cast. His face was as empty of expression as a dead man's, or one lost in far-off, unspeakable reveries.

They got a doctor, who took off the cast. The leg was gangrenous, with a still open wound. More than two inches of bone had been shot away from the femur.

Then Pierre spoke, for almost the first time. "It is not the leg that hurts," he said. "The pain is here, here, here!" He touched his hand to his breast, over his heart.

About a fortnight after his return, he said suddenly to the parish priest who sat beside him, "I must go."

"Go?"

"To Lourdes, to pray to the blessed Virgin herself. Help them to make things ready."

On a gloomy day in September the pitiful little pilgrimage came to the town nestled in the dark, wet hills of the Pyrenees. They were met and cared for by the volunteers of Lourdes, and

in due time Pierre lay on his stretcher before the shrine. His wife and the priest knelt beside him. After he prayed, he was immersed in the freezing waters of the spring.

That night he went into the hospital. For two days thereafter the prayers and the bathing continued, but he seemed to grow somewhat weaker. On the evening of the third day, as he lay upon his cot, an extraordinary light suddenly suffused his face.

"Ah, blessed Mary, holy Mother of God!" he whispered. He sat up, while the others gazed at him in awe. "All will be well!" he cried, his voice strong and certain.

He stood up and walked toward the window, lifting his arms to heaven and smiling. His wife and the priest and the nurses exclaimed, "Your leg! You are walking! It is cured!"

Pierre de Rudder looked down. The wound was gone. The bone was sound and straight. The gangrenous sores had vanished. He smiled again. "Why, yes," he said. "It is cured. But here . . ." He put his hand upon his heart with reverence and wonder. "This also is cured."

Naturally, the free world wonders what is happening at Lourdes today. Built on a people's faith, this famous

*122 E. 42nd St., New York City. Feb. 21 and 28, 1942.

shrine has been accorded the tribute of scientists, Catholics, Protestants, believers and nonbelievers. Today the shrine, though technically in unoccupied France, is under the control of those who believe in nothing but force. The shrine stands as always. We can be sure that devotion at the shrine is continuing. Hospitals are still open; daily services are still being held for those who live at Lourdes and those who can come in from near-by towns. Of miracles, of healings we hear nothing; the great miracle is that in times like this men of good will and simple faith keep Lourdes alive.

Was it really a miracle, the thing which happened to Pierre de Rudder? Is it really true that in the space of a single breath inches of lost bone were restored and the ugly sores wiped away? And did an actual revelation flame in his spirit, bringing him back to brave life?

Such questions justify an examination of the phenomena of Lourdes: not only because of this single episode, but because of others. It is proper, also, that the examination should be undertaken by one who, like this writer, is not a Catholic, who is, indeed, an agnostic.

The sick come from everywhere. Some of them are terribly ill or terribly injured. Most go back home still on their crutches, still diseased. But there are some who do not.

In the two decades which ended

with 1938 a million pilgrims made the journey to Lourdes in an average year. Some of them were seeking a spiritual cure rather than a physical one. But about 1% each year, or 10,000, are seriously ill or crippled. Of these, about 150 profess themselves to be cured by a miracle. After painstaking examination by scientific authorities, about 15 of the cures are finally certified by medical science as having been incurable, and then agreed upon as totally remedied by forces beyond medical or psychological knowledge.

This apparently small proportion should not evoke critical conclusions. The point is not "How many miracles occurred?" but "Is it credible that *any* miracles occurred?"

Full authority at the shrine is vested in the bishop of the diocese of Tarbes and Lourdes. The hospitals and all medical care are managed by lay societies which, of course, have no official connection with the Church.

When the invalid arrives, he is moved to bed in a hospital, where he is examined by a doctor; his case is diagnosed and charted, his wounds, if any, dressed. No other medical treatment of any sort is given.

At seven o'clock each morning the long, slow parade to the grotto begins: hundreds of men and women on stretchers, in wheel chairs, on crutches. The pilgrims halt for hours before the statue in the cave, praying ceaselessly.

At ten o'clock the baths are opened. There are three, each in a little wooden shelter of its own, two for women and one for men. Each bath is a tub about seven feet long and three feet wide, filled with water from the spring.

The patient is carried into the shelter. His clothing and bandages are removed. Then, wrapped only in a cotton towel, he is immersed in the freezing water. The water is never changed during a day. Patients with every degree of sickness are bathed in the same tub. But no case of infection from this practice has ever been proved.

In midafternoon the procession of the Blessed Sacrament is held. All pilgrims, no matter how ill, march or are carried from the grotto to the place in front of the church. Banners are carried. Sacred verses are chanted. Voices are lifted loud in prayer. The procession often lasts until midnight.

There is no special time for the miracles to occur. Sometimes it is in the bath itself, or back at the hospital; sometimes after the patient has left Lourdes. The priests ask the pilgrims not to expect miracles, but to pray for spiritual grace.

Let us suppose, now, that a miracle is reported. And let us take for an example the case of Mlle. Elisabeth Delot. She arrived in Lourdes in 1926, after several Paris doctors had declared that she had a large cancer of

the stomach. X rays had been taken, and surgeons had pronounced the case inoperable and incurable.

On her first immersion in the waters at Lourdes, Mlle. Delot felt a moment of almost unbearable pain, and then suddenly felt herself glow with health. She cried out that she was cured. Immediately (as with all persons who claim miraculous cures) she was rushed to the Medical Bureau.

The Medical Bureau is a rather extraordinary institution. More than 3,000 physicians, from every country of the civilized world, have taken membership in it. Their interest may be accepted (judging from the names upon its lists) as purely scientific. They come to Lourdes to stand in attendance from one to six months, and there are generally from 15 to 50 in the town.

The members of the bureau never treat patients at the shrine. Their sole concern is to determine whether a cure beyond the knowledge of their science has occurred.

Mlle. Delot was taken, then, to the magnificently equipped examination room of this bureau, where a minimum of six physicians began a long and detailed examination of her body and of her record. The statements of the Paris doctors and the original examination at Lourdes itself had pronounced her a victim of incurable cancer. Now the X rays and all other

scientific tests showed that her cancer had completely disappeared and had been replaced by healthy tissue. She was gay and happy, and had an enormous appetite.

But that did not establish the miracle. She must be re-examined at the end of 12 months: she was, and the cure was declared permanent. Whereupon the doctors of the Medical Bureau "certified" her as a cure, and the bishop of the diocese formally pronounced it a miracle.

As I have said, about 15 of these certified cures occur each year. Those most often reported are of tuberculosis, blindness, cancer and paralysis.

But it should be observed that Rome has announced no official attitude concerning the miracles at Lourdes, or at any other shrines: Sainte Anne de Beaupré in Canada, Guadalupe in Mexico, Loreto in Italy. It does, however, recognize the existence of miracles, and commends the happenings

at Lourdes as "manifestations of the Virgin's power."

The claims, the records, are now before us. According to those records, nearly 300 miracles have occurred at Lourdes in France during the last 20 years. If they really were miracles, then their importance is immeasurably more profound than the simple healing of 300 individuals. They were a sign manual that mighty forces brood upon the world, and they were proof that the sick of soul—the desperately sad people who, like private soldier Pierre de Rudder, dwell in a desperately sad world—may hope again.

The attitude of the Catholic toward miracles has been summed up with total simplicity by Father John La Farge, associate editor of the Catholic weekly *America*. Apropos of Lourdes, he said: "For those who believe in God no explanation is necessary. For those who do not believe in God no explanation is possible."



The fact that certain of the miracles chronicled in the Bible can be explained away by a realistic application of logic is little against them as miracles. It has not been difficult for scientists to analyze the chemistry of flowers, yet for all that no scientist has ever been able to make even a simple white clover. It is the easiest thing in the world for even a corner druggist to tell precisely the composition of Pilsner beer, yet no one this side of the paradise of Bohemia has ever been able to duplicate it.

From *The Autobiography of an Attitude* by George Jean Nathan (Knopf, '26).

Flower Arrangement

Heaven, man and earth

By CATHERINE F. BLONDIN

Condensed from the *Apostle of Mary**

The art of flower arrangement undoubtedly had a religious birth, for from the natural outcome of the Buddhist desire to preserve animal life came the desire to preserve plant life. It is to one of their celebrated painters that the Orientals attribute the rules of flower arrangement used at present, for it was he who conceived the idea of representing the three elements of heaven, man and earth.

In some Oriental countries flower arrangement was followed as a fine art and looked upon as a dignified accomplishment of the upper classes. Many celebrated generals have been masters of the art, finding that it calmed their minds and facilitated decisions they had to make in the field of action.

Good flower arrangement everywhere has its rules of proportions and color harmony. To crush flowers into a compact unnatural mass is to rob them of their charm. Superfluous leaves in the slender neck of a transparent container should be avoided in order to leave a clear outline of the most beautiful spray. Weight high on one side must be balanced by equal weight arrangement low on the opposite side.

Nature is rarely symmetrical. No

principal lines should cross each other. Parallel lines of nearly equal length, even numbers of flowers or sprays, flowers directly on a level, one above another, or branches or sprays of precisely the same height are considered bad taste. The general height of the arrangement should be once and a half the height of the vase, if this be tall, or once and a half the diameter if the container is very low.

Following the Oriental theory, this arrangement of heaven, man and earth should fit into an imaginary triangle. When arranging white and colored flowers together, put white or lightest tints at the top, unless the dark flowers have the longest stems. In that event you are obliged to use them as heavens. The best form, however, is to have white or delicate shades at the top. Pick out your heaven, which must always be the longest one and take the central position in the group. Its length should be one and one half times the height of the vase.

Man comes second, next in length. It should be half the length of heaven. Earth is third and shortest. It should be half the length of man. The lengths should be determined before the sprays are bent, and before these branches can be placed in the receptacle they

* 108 Franklin St., Dayton, Ohio. February, 1942.

must all be bent into their proper shape.

See that the stems are together at the base for about four inches. This is necessary to make the flowers seem one whole and growing plant. The stems, in keeping together and appearing as one, form the parent stalk and give strength to the whole arrangement. This is especially true when it is possible to use only a few flowers.

Every arrangement of flowers should have some buds, some half-open flowers, and some fully opened ones. Use the half-open ones for heaven, the full-blown for man and the buds for earth. If you have two full-blown flowers, use one high and the other low and arrange a leaf just above the one in the lower position, half covering it. A flower should always have a leaf near it, for this enhances the beauty of the blossom. Do not forget that while it is permissible for branches to bend down toward the earth, at their ends they must bend toward heaven.

In any color combination, there should be a dominant tone rather than an even division of colors. A much better effect is obtained by massing the flowers of each color than by dotting them about. Spotty color distracts the eye so that the whole arrangement lacks balance. If you are using red, blue or purple flowers and wish to give them full color value,

add one of the complementary colors, perhaps yellow.

We should use flowers as an artist uses colors to emphasize particular qualities in our homes. For instance, a white room that has an alcove filled with a solid group of white lilies has the effect of a highlight in a picture. Magenta flowers will give an intense value to a green room. Lilies, narcissi, daffodils and fruit blossoms should be arranged in vases near a wall or screen on which the stems and blossoms will cast shadows. Generally, flowers look best against a solid background and not with the light behind them. There are some exceptions: the bluebells, for instance, look best with the light shining through them.

Containers and flowers should complement but never overpower each other. Round sturdy-stemmed flowers, such as zinnias, marigolds and small dahlias, suggest round squat bowls, while poppies and tulips, having slender graceful stems, should be in tall, straight vases. A vase light in color and fragile and fine in appearance is suitable only for light-colored, slender-stemmed, feathery flowers and leaves. A heavy container or one of strong color is best for dark flowers, or those of bold heavy growth. Flowers should always be arranged in uneven numbers, for nature seldom does things in fours and sixes, but in threes, fives and sevens.

Fault of the Stars

"The mechanisms of magic"

By LEO C. ROSTEN

Condensed from a book*

Show people are notoriously superstitious; show business and abracadabra seem to run hand in hand. Hollywood, true to its heritage, has an abundance of persons who attach mystical significance to certain objects, dates, or rites believed capable of influencing the universe of events with beneficent result. Clairvoyants, palm readers, astrologers and the seers of ludicrous cults flourish in the movie colony. There is a 14th but not a 13th edition of the *Players Directory*, published by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences: the trade paper which stated that 1,500 actors called up to protest against the ominous number probably exaggerated it, but the fact remains that a 14th edition followed the 12th, to the wide relief of all.

In a special column devoted to superstitions, a Hollywood columnist announced: Edward G. Robinson attributes magical value to an old silver dollar; Barbara Stanwyck faithfully wears a gold medallion around her neck; Henry Fonda crosses his fingers whenever he sees a dwarf; Fred Astaire always has a lucky old plaid suit laid out upon beginning a picture; Joan Blondell appeases fate by using a

10c basket as a makeup box; Claude Rains places great faith in an intaglio ring which, lost for two years, caused every play in which he appeared, to flop (everything has gone well since the ring was found).

Faith in special lucky practices also abounds among directors. Anatole Litvak tries to have at least one staircase with 13 steps on his set. William Wyler generally plays a French lullaby on the fiddle before he begins shooting a new picture. Mervyn LeRoy gets the number 62 into his pictures, as an address, a license plate, or a ticket. William Dieterle always wears white gloves, is in constant touch with his astrologer, and prefers to start a picture or a scene only after his mentor has analyzed the disposition of the firmament. Dieterle shot a scene for *Juarez* three weeks ahead of schedule because the zodiac was so propitious. He is also hypersensitive to faces to which he does not "vibrate," and is said to have ordered possessors of such off his set. Some directors use certain extras in every picture, convinced that bad luck will swoop down if they don't.

These superstitions may appear to be trivial, but they add to the already

*Hollywood, 1941. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York City.
435 pp. \$4. With the permission of Look magazine.

complicated problems of movie production, and they do their bit to increase costs. One of the leading directors in the business kept an entire outdoor company waiting for an hour and a half because the "astrological time" wasn't favorable; when it was, he jumped up and set the cameras turning, even though several planes overhead ruined sound reception. On another occasion superstitious anxiety resulted in the loss of several hours of valuable time, and shooting began at a "psychological moment," even though there was a sudden downpour of rain. One actor refused to stage a fall down a flight of stairs because it had 13 steps; he held up production for an hour while a false landing was removed. Then the actor took the fall—and sprained his wrist. This proved his point: "If there had been 13 steps, I'd have broken my neck!"

The gossip columns and movie magazines are full of references to Hollywood's favorite astrologers and horoscopists. Myra Kingsley, the high priestess of horoscope, is regarded with awe in some circles in the film colony. A divinating gentleman named Norvell has done well enough in Hollywood to own a showplace outfitted with Oriental rugs and Italian antiques. Blanca Holmes, another film favorite, gets frequent space in the movie columns. One Los Angeles shaman takes a drop of blood from his movie clients and instructs them to

phone him when headaches, depression, or bad luck sets in. He then places the drop of blood under a secret "power-giving" machine and bombards it with "health rays" which supposedly soar through the ether into the body of the troubled customer. This medicine man is revered for his genius by his movie clientele. Another learned gentleman, who claims to be a psychiatrist, treats serious neurotic cases by methods ranging from hortatory to grotesque masks.

H. L. Mencken once commented upon "the virulence of the national appetite for bogus revelation." The earnest souls in Hollywood who react to the crises of life by mumbo jumbo, or who swear allegiance to the stars, the palms, or the bumps on the head, are not alone in their predilections. Our aviators, who use the finest scientific instruments, cling to a set of ceremonies to bring them luck; William Jennings Bryan hearkened to a conclave of astrologers when he ran for the presidency; Commodore Vanderbilt was a devoted client of a spiritualist in Tompkinsville, Staten Island, and was sure that homeopathic magic could be wrought with a lock of hair; James Gordon Bennett was a disciple of owls, and had them painted on the panels of his house, yacht, and bathrooms; Collis P. Huntington could never be persuaded to live in his \$2-million palace in New York because of his faith in the saying that

men build homes only to die in them; and Edith Rockefeller McCormick presided over a cult in Chicago society in which theosophy, Rosicrucianism, yoga, and the more mystic concepts of Jung flourished.

The shibboleths of Hollywood, like those of our civilization, differ only in detail from those of more primitive societies. We can better understand the weakness of the movie people for superstitions if we remember that

their entire careers have sprung from talents which are unique, obscure, mysterious—talents which defy exact analysis. "Inspiration" is a phenomenon difficult to dissect; and the inspired period of movie acting or writing or directing falls into the category of trance.

The mechanisms of magic, Freud has pointed out, are remarkably close to those of obsessional neurosis; neither is rare in Hollywood.



Prelude

Death had ever been a torment of mankind. The human spirit with its unbidden desire to live on was being forever mocked by its seeming finality. Philosophers discoursed on the immortality of man while graves opened and shut their jaws as if in cynical laughter.

Then on a certain morning death broke its long silence and the grave yielded up its prey, and One "who before us passed the door of darkness through" returned "to tell us of the road." Not only had He triumphed over death Himself and won through to a glorious life beyond the grave, but He brought us the promise of a share in His victory. Would we but believe in Him and live according to His precepts, supported always by His grace, we, too, together with our mortal flesh, could rend the jaws of death and win eternal life.

Since, then, it is only beyond the grave that the human spirit comes into its own (which is for us the great corollary of the Easter miracle), this earthly life at last is seen for what it really is: a prologue or overture. The prologue to a play or overture to an opera is but a curtain raiser to the event of the evening; it sets the tone or mood for the main performance. Operagoers arriving late miss the overture without any great qualms. The orchestra is but warming up. The themes briefly announced in the overture are to be fully developed in their appropriate setting throughout the opera itself. Small matter if the overture should happen to be fumbled as long as the opera itself is well done.

Thomas A. Fox, C.S.P. in the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review* (March '42).

Novice in Harlem

By MARY K. JERDO

The labyrinthine ways

Condensed from the *Torch**

The cab driver stared at me curiously. "Ma'am," he said, "you sure you want to go to 135th St.?"

"Oh, quite sure," I answered in my most ladylike voice, for I was positive that even if my address didn't smack of culture and refinement, the tone of my voice would.

"But 135th St. ain't no place for a white gal like you. Gotta watch your step there, sister."

With that admonition he reluctantly picked up my bags, tossed them into the cab and off we went. My newest adventure was starting, my strangest interlude was waiting for me in the environs of Friendship House!

Hours later I sat on the edge of a chair in my bedroom and wondered how soon I could leave that madhouse called Friendship House. The place was completely "nuts" and so were its inhabitants, and I thanked the gods fervently that I probably wouldn't be there more than a week at the most. Just until I got a job as a clerk or stenographer. Anything, but let me out of here soon! It didn't seem possible that just a few hours before I had left the comparative luxury of a rambling farmhouse in the Adirondacks.

Now here I was, in a dingy little

room in Harlem. Darn George. He had no right to send me into a set-up like this without warning me. Hadn't he worked with the baroness for years? Probably he was laughing up his sleeve at me: laughing because he had sent me, a little pagan, into a hotbed of Catholic Action. Contamination with Catholicism while looking for a job, huh? But just wait. I'd show him I was immune to that pietistic stuff.

The driver got me there much too fast. The street was full of dogs, little Negro boys and girls, and garbage cans. Right in front of me was a glass window that said: Friendship House; De Porres Catholic Lending Library. And that big window was filled with a peculiar collection of odd plants, goldfish and religious signs! Evidently the latest thing in settlement-house displays this season.

I entered, and there stood Baroness Catherine de Hueck. She was tall and blonde, and dressed in blue. She didn't walk toward me—she strode. "You're Mary Jerdo, I suppose?" The voice was husky, throaty. But I didn't like the inflection on the "suppose."

"Yes, I'm Mary Jerdo."

"Come, sit down," she suggested. And going to her desk, she pointed

*141 E. 65th St., New York City. February, 1942.

to a folding chair beside it. "So you're the girl George sent me?" she said, looking at me intently. "And how is George?"

I assured her that George was fine. "Is this the first time you've ever been in Harlem?"

"No, I've been here before, but it was to slum at the Savoy."

Her eyes flashed, just perceptibly. They were slanting, unfathomable.

"Well," she said, "the Holy Ghost, He will fix that." I noticed then that she had an accent. "Now tell me about yourself."

"I should like to," I said. "I love talking about myself. I'm 23. French-Irish descent. High-school and business-college graduate. Also a farmer's daughter but I've spent the last eight years trying to live it down."

"Just a minute," the baroness interrupted. "What's wrong with being a farmer's daughter? The earth and God are very close to each other. He loves simple things and simple people. You and me, we'll have a long talk about it some day."

I agreed and wondered vaguely why we should.

"And what about religion?" the baroness asked. "Do you have any?"

"I was born a Catholic," I said. "But I've never liked anything that I've seen of Catholicism. I don't want anything to do with any religion."

That apparently didn't please the baroness, or was it pity that I saw in

her eyes? But all she said was, "I'll pray for you," and then went on, "but first I'll show you the rest of the place; and while you're here I think it best that you work part time while you look for a job. What would you like to do?"

I didn't want to do anything, and I certainly didn't care if I never saw the rest of the place. But I had to be polite. "Do you have little children?" I folded my hands and looked demure. "I love little children. I'd like to work with them."

For the first time, the baroness smiled, and hitting the desk with her hand exclaimed, "Boy, oh boy, you're just the person we need! There's a vacancy in the Cubs. Come on."

We went across the street, and I noticed a row of stores with blue and white insignia marked CYO.

"These are all part of Friendship House. Here is the Cubs' Room and there is the General Room. Next to it is the Clothing Room and next to that is the Junior Councilor Room," the baroness pointed out. "With the exception of the Clothing Room, from which we distribute clothing to the poor, and the Library, which you were just in, these have been converted into clubrooms for Negro children. They cover an age range of from seven to 25."

All I said was, "Oh." I didn't feel impressed; I only wanted a hot bath and a bed, for I had traveled most of

the day. But those possibilities seemed remote. Apparently I was to go to work immediately.

We went into the store marked CYO General. It was smoky and crowded, with kids of high-school age playing games, cards and ping-pong to the tune of a blaring radio.

Then I noticed two white girls. Two pretty, normal-looking white girls. The baroness introduced me. "Miss Betty Schneider, Miss Jane O'Donnell, this is Miss Jerdo who has come to stay with us for a while. Bring her up to supper." Then turning to me, she continued, "I leave you in capable hands. Now I must cook. So, good-by for the present."

The Misses Schneider and O'Donnell didn't waste any time on preliminaries either. They explained that they were "staff workers," and immediately inducted me into service. Whether I would like to play rummy with three Negro lads was purely irrelevant. I shuffled and dealt and the game started — started, but never seemed to end. I could have hugged Miss O'Donnell when she tapped me on the shoulder and told me it was suppertime. This was the first sane suggestion I had heard that afternoon.

"This is Madonna Flat," said Miss O'Donnell, opening a door, "the home of the girl staff workers."

I don't know what I had expected, but it certainly wasn't what I saw. There was the kitchen, and in it the

baroness armed with a can opener. Any ideas that I had of a tasty meal vanished when I saw her, with a magnificent gesture, pour sauerkraut, tomatoes and corn into a steaming pot on the stove.

"By Jove," she said, looking up at me, "this is going to be good."

Being ravenously hungry, I might have agreed with her if at that moment she hadn't dropped two cold, breaded-veal cutlets into the mixture. But feeling weak in the pit of my stomach, I hurried to get away, and bumped into Miss O'Donnell on my way out.

"And this," said Miss O'Donnell, leading the way down the hall, "is our Common Room. All the staff eat here."

I do not know what a Common Room should be, this one seemed undeveloped. It was little, and a paint job in buff had left much to be desired. A long board table was its predominant feature, and there was nothing imposing about the silver on it. No knives, no forks: just a soup-spoon and a teaspoon at each place. The rest of the table decoration consisted of a heap of brown bread and salt and pepper shakers. This was certainly no place for a bourgeois-minded person, or a gourmet. Of this I was positive, because I was a bourgeoisie myself, and somewhat of a gourmet.

But the little room was filled with

people, white and Colored, young and old, all talking and laughing. The baroness came in carrying the huge steaming pot.

"Soup's on," she shouted, rapping on the kettle for attention. "Everyone sit yourself down some place, please."

We obeyed, and I found myself squeezed in between two rather weighty women. The one on my right leaned over and whispered confidentially, "I'm a left-handed souper myself, so don't be surprised if my elbow pokes you in the ribs."

I laughed—the first time that day.

"The soup got burned," the baroness said cheerfully, "but offer it up for the people in Europe." And with the sweeping gestures that seemed so much a part of her, she ladled out the soup. Then everyone said grace.

But there was nothing graceful about that soup, and I doubt if the people in war-torn Europe would have considered it any bargain. I couldn't eat that horrible burned mixture, and I probably looked as unhappy as I felt.

"You'll get used to it," said the Colored girl across the table. "I didn't like it either when I first came here."

"I'm not going to stay long enough to get used to it," I muttered. But the girl just smiled.

This strange collection of people talked as they ate; talked about things I'd never heard of before: the ency-

clicals of the Popes, the lay apostolate, the Holy Ghost, the heresies of good works, the mystical Body of Christ. My thoughts about the group were most unflattering: long-haired, pious Catholics; the only food they cared much about, apparently, was food for thought; Catholic intelligentsia at play. I was a low-brow, and I was glad of it.

Supper ended with prunes and a pietistic thanks for the blessings received. Once again the baroness took me in tow. "You might as well go down to the Cubs tonight, as long as you're going to work with them. But first I'll show you your bedroom."

The baroness smiled at me, a big, flashing smile. "You've never met anything like us before. We're a crazy bunch, aren't we?"

I didn't smile, I merely agreed, "You're all utterly insane."

Down to the Cubs' Den we went. And that was the last straw—the perfect climax to a nerve-racking day. Forty little boys and girls of grammar-school age crowded into a room two sizes too small for their number. Forty shouting, shrieking, singing little demons, giving an amateur performance for a visiting priest.

At long last it was over. I was back in my little brown room, and my mind was full of encyclicals, rummy, Catholics, crazy people, lay apostles, burned soup.

The mind and body can only take

so much; the sheets were clean; I began to relax. . . .

Somehow the first week slipped by: not on golden wings, but not on leaden feet either. Superficially, I had the ability to adjust myself to externals. Inwardly, I was completely bewildered. Fortunately, I had no prejudices against the Negro, simply, I suppose, because I had never known any. No, it wasn't interracialism that perturbed me. It was the peculiar status quo of the staff of Friendship House, the boys and girls who gave up all for a life of poverty in the slums. Friendship House was all right as a stop-gap for me. I'd be going on soon, to a job downtown. But for these boys and girls it was a way of life. They liked it. It wasn't an alternative, it was a choice. They lived in dingy apartments, ate watery soup and hard bread. But why? My sense of values was dizzy.

I think the answer came to me gradually. One day I saw our most beautiful staff member at work in the Clothing Room. A huge Negro woman wanted a pair of shoes, and there was Jane kneeling at her feet, treating her with all the courtesy due an archbishop. And there was a light in Jane's eyes.

Then, there was the way that Charlie (he was staff, too) treated the ambassadors of God. I observed him as he listened patiently to what one of these drink-sodden men had to say,

and then took him by the arm and escorted him to a beanery down the street. There was a light in Charlie's eyes, too. And all of this seemed to correlate with a phrase that I'd heard at Friendship House: "I saw Christ in the Negro." Betty, Flewy, Jane and Charlie—they all saw Christ, and saw Him in the poor. I began to pull out of the fog.

It was hard. I didn't know much about God. I'd never wanted to know much about Him. But here everyone talked about Him as though He were a friend of the family. God was a nice sort of Person who sent large donations of canned goods when the larder was bare. He sent money, too, when the wolf was about to move in.

Somehow the weeks passed by and still I didn't have that job downtown. Then, it didn't matter much, for I was completely engrossed. The "B" (this is an abbreviation for Baroness Catherine de Hueck) gave me the office and files to handle—and four NYA girls. It was fun.

I worked with the Cubs at night. Working with the Cubs was a liberal education. It was entrancing to be greeted by a seraphic chorus of "Good evenin', Miss Mary!" It made you feel warm and glowing inside. But the illusion was generally destroyed within 15 minutes. The cherubic darlings of the previous moment became precocious brats. I had never worked so hard in my life before, and if I

had it would have been for money. But here I was working for love, not money. And I liked it, for I, too, had seen Christ.

I don't think that I really wanted to find God. I knew that I would never be "comfortable" again if I let Him into my heart. But the Hound of Heaven was on my trail. And He pursued me until I couldn't run any farther; and finally, exhausted and tired, I stopped running.

Many and varied were the ways I learned of God. There was the baroness, who in her deep-timbred voice made the sanctification of one's own soul sound like a thrilling thing. And there was daily Mass: daily Mass and Communion for me, who before coming to Friendship House could count on one hand the number of times that I had participated in the supreme Sacrifice. Here I discovered the doctrine of the mystical Body of

Christ, a doctrine pulsating with love and beauty.

And through this doctrine I discovered that I could never be alone again, for the floodgates of my heart and soul were opened to all the Catholics of the world, who form the Body of which Christ is the Head.

Then there was charity. Not the charity I had known before. Charity and love were synonymous. It amazed me to learn that it was charity that tempered the sharp retorts that sprang to one's lips at someone's stupidity; that permeated one's being and made one see Christ in the needy, as Jane had seen Him in the fat Negro woman who wanted shoes.

One month slipped into another, and before I knew it a year had passed and I was no longer a novice in Harlem. The pagan, through the grace of God, was a professed in the lay Order of Friendship House.



Some twists of the tongue are called "Spoonerisms" after the Anglican Canon Spooner who seldom opened his mouth without putting his foot in it. He is said to have given out a hymn as *Kinqueering Kongs Their Tates Tike*. Another time, when buildings were to be decorated during certain festivities, he asked whether it would be a good thing to have "the hags flung out of the windows." There is no end to those good things. There was the student who approached a college authority and inquired nervously, "Is the bean dizzy?"

The Standard (25 July '41).

Neighbor to the North

By JOHN MacCORMAC

Revolving doors of mind divide

Condensed from a book*

Calais, in Maine, borders on New Brunswick. Across the St. Croix river, the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick, lies the Canadian town of St. Stephen. For Calais and St. Stephen, the boundary line might just as well not exist. They draw their water from a common source ten miles behind St. Stephen. Calais, without finding the fact remarkable, is thus the only American town to derive its water supply from a foreign country. The gas and electric-light systems are also operated in common. The fire companies on either side of the river answer each other's calls and race to see who gets there first. An appalling decrease in the Calais birth rate was traced by the county health officer to the hospital in St. Stephen, the advantage of whose superior facilities was being taken by expectant Calais mothers in blissful ignorance of the complications of nationality to which they were exposing their offspring.

Thus does the man in the street, at least on this continent, work out his own formula of the good-neighbor policy. The boundary that King William of the Netherlands had found impossible to determine to the satisfaction of Maine in 1831, the bound-

ary that Maine ten years later was ready to fight over, he adjusts in the essential matters of life to suit his convenience and his common sense. He can do this because across that boundary he sees a man he can barely distinguish from himself. Canadians and Americans are more alike than any other two separate peoples in the world. That is not strange, since the inhabitants of the Maritime Provinces of Canada are to a large extent descended from New England Loyalists; the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes region of Canada was peopled partly from New Hampshire and Vermont and the province of Ontario from New York state. When the good citizen of St. Stephen crosses the St. Croix to Calais he finds himself among people more like him than, say, the inhabitants of Victoria, B. C. And the brave burgher of Calais, crossing to St. Stephen, feels more at home than he might in New Orleans. He may have kinsmen in New Orleans; he is virtually certain to have them somewhere in Canada.

It has been calculated that people who married in Canada 50 years ago would be fairly certain to have half their descendants living in the U. S. today. Families have flowed across

*Canada: America's Problem. 1940. *The Viking Press, New York City.* 287 pp. \$2.75.

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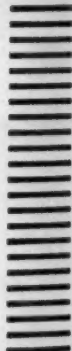
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the frontier and back again. There was a Canadian-born member of President Wilson's cabinet. There was an American-born member of R. B. Bennett's cabinet and there is another in Mr. King's cabinet.

Canadians, like the Americans, have lived for almost two centuries on the North American continent and have reacted similarly to the same continental influences. In dress, manner, and social customs it is natural they should resemble each other. Take the important matter of pants. An Englishman calls them trousers, has them cut halfway up his back, and supports them with what he calls braces. The Canadian, like the American, calls them pants and, as often as not, belts them tightly just above his hips. Given almost any provocation, he will discard his waistcoat, which he knows as a vest. He drinks more rye than Scotch, more hard liquor than wine, likes two crusts on his pies and dislikes Brussels sprouts and boiled puddings. If you prick him he will not only bleed like an American but swear like one. He prefers baseball to cricket, likes his football rough, shoots golf at par instead of bogey. He spends little time in clubs but is a great joiner of fraternal societies. He leaves his lot unfenced, builds a porch on his house and sits on it in warm weather. He says "say" instead of "I say," "lookit" instead of "look here," and pronounces "aunt" as

though it were a small, creeping creature. He shows the same strange tolerance of calf-like crooners and turgid after-dinner orators, the same esteem for the arts of salesmanship, the same belief in laws rather than law, the same attitude toward organized labor, the same essential Puritanism of outlook.

One of the reasons why a Canadian is so like an American is that sports, religion, radio, the press, and even business in North America are so largely organized on continental rather than national lines, with the U. S. the dominant source. A quarter of the news in Canadian newspapers is about the U. S., and American regular and special services provide much of their information about Europe. Canadians listen to more American radio programs than to Canadian and English combined. Apprehension caused by this fact in the minds of Canada's political, religious, and educational leaders led to the creation of the government-controlled Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Hollywood supplies their films. Canadian Methodists, Baptists, and Irish-Catholics have close affiliations across the border, and most Canadian trade unions are international. So are hockey and baseball, and there was a time when more Canadians followed the fortunes of Notre Dame than of any football team of their own. Higher educational facilities have been al-

most interchangeable. Canadians have the same faith as Americans in the advantage of education for all. They cherish the same belief that there is nothing degrading in a boy's working his way through college.

As against these powerful influences tending to identify Canada with the U. S., Canadian unity has been preserved partly by fostering a protective prejudice against the American idea. This has been aided both by Canadian and American tariff seekers. If American politicians have twisted the tail of the British lion, Canadian politicians have often found it good business to jerk Uncle Sam's coattails. Americans have been denounced as materialistic, politically and juridically corrupt, lawless and cynical about it.

Canadians understand Americans as individuals much better than they understand Englishmen as individuals. No signs reading, "Americans need not apply," have ever been seen over the doors of Canadian offices. But together with the fact that he likes the Americans he knows, and knows more Americans than any other people, the Canadian is able to keep in his mind in a separate, watertight compartment an image of the U. S. which he does not like. For that matter, he has been able in the course of history to remain violently loyal to Great Britain while waging a relentless if generally silent battle with the

British government and its representatives in Canada.

The matter, on examination, seems to belong in the domain of religion rather than politics. The Canadian has wished to save his soul or, in other words, his identity. The U. S. represented the temptations of this world, the primrose path to broad markets, the easiest way to security, the sinful delights of a high living standard. Great Britain had made Canada in her own image, been her help in ages past, still pointed the way to salvation, and was conveniently remote. So Great Britain was deified and the U. S. was equipped with horns, cloven hoofs, and a tail. In the course of time Canada has ceased to fear her god or hate her devil but their images have retained a strong symbolic significance.

One of the things which has made it difficult for Canadians to achieve toward the U. S. that attitude of easy friendliness which makes a man or a nation a good neighbor is this: Canadians know so much about Americans that it is difficult for them to realize how little Americans know about Canada. They are surprised and offended when they fail to find any mention of Canada in American newspapers, although their newspapers are full of news about the U. S. Their sense of humor deserts them when the inevitable American tourist from California appears at the border

in July with skis and a sled lashed to the back of his car. In the mind of every Canadian is a map of this continent on which Canada occupies a greater area than the U.S.

His quarrel appears to be principally with the American press which, with the exception of the New York *Times*, has never taken one half the trouble to report Canada that it has taken with Mexico or the Argentine. This is partly because its coverage of Canada is continental, a matter for the telegraph rather than the foreign desk. Canada has been handled, in effect, like another American state, and on such a basis it is seldom able to compete. On top of all this, Canada, with its thinly peopled spaces, its sectionalism, its two official races, and its British-Americanism, is complicated, and difficult to sum up in a headline. Statistically, it is easy to demonstrate Canada's importance to the U.S. but its light has been hidden under the bushels and the corporation reports on the market pages of the American press.

When 1,200 high-school seniors in the U.S. and a similar number in Canada were tested regarding their knowledge of each other's country, a third of the Americans declared that Canada was ruled or owned by Great Britain. "Canada is not a country," wrote one of them. "It is just a province of England." Only 3% of them had ever heard of that great charter

of peace, the Rush-Bagot Treaty.

English Canadians are far more like Americans than they are like French Canadians or Englishmen; but there are many subtle differences. Canadians take their work more calmly and their pleasures more sadly. High-pressure salesmanship has never threatened to blow off the cylinder heads in Canada. High-pressure radio announcing is not favored. Canadian theater audiences are among the world's coldest; and a political convention in the U.S. bears the same relation to a political convention in Canada as bedlam to a cemetery.

Although she abolished titles some years ago, Canada is less thoroughly democratic than the U.S. There is more reverence in the Dominion for authority and for the great. A parliamentary committee which wanted to take evidence from Sir Herbert Holt during a depression-born inquiry into the workings of Canada's financial system went to Montreal to get it because the great man felt indisposed. Canada has never been debunked. Gustavus Myers, who had disinterred American robber barons from their graves in no odor of sanctity, came to Canada from Chicago before the first World War to compile a *History of Canadian Wealth*. He wrote only one volume of it, of which the copies extant could be counted almost on one's fingers. What became of the rest of them and of the

second volume which should have followed is not known, but a perusal of that part of Myers' work which did get into print encourages a guess.

Canadians are less impulsive than Americans and far less given to violence. The gun on the hip has never been part of the Canadian tradition, nor the cure of color blindness by auto-da-fé. Canada has hanged rebels but no "radicals." Nobody has ever tried to assassinate a Canadian prime minister, although the Fenians shot down a Canadian statesman of lesser station in Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Gangsterism is only sporadic in Canada and organized racketeering unknown. Relatively fewer Canadians murder each other, and many more are hanged when they do.

Justice in Canada is more dignified and aloof than here. Trial by newspaper is not tolerated, and he would be a bold man who took a camera and a flashlight bulb into a courtroom. The statute on slander is more strictly enforced, as one of Premier Aberhart's Social Credit henchmen discovered when he referred to opponents of that monetary theory as "bankers' toadies" and went to jail for it. Although the Dominion has had many stars in Hollywood none of them went there as "Miss Canada."

Canada, like the U.S., is puritanical at heart but it is at the same time more tolerant. The senior Dominion has had two Roman Catholic prime

ministers: the English Sir John Thompson, and the French Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Although part of Premier Aberhart's appeal to the Alberta prairies was the somewhat apocalyptic Bible teaching he dispensed over the radio, there is less fundamentalism in Canadian Protestantism than in American. Catholicism in Canada, although far more important in point of relative numbers than in the U.S., is less of a political power than it would be if its adherents all spoke the same tongue.

The differences that have been cited between Canadians and Americans are differences of tempo rather than of character, and reveal themselves in the mass rather than in the individual. The gap that divides the Canadian from the Englishman is far wider, despite the best efforts of the Imperial Daughters of the Empire, the English-Speaking Union, the Loyal Orange Lodges, and the United Empire Loyalist Associations to bridge it. And yet disloyalty in Canada is disloyalty to England, and a Canadian study group could report to the 1933 British Commonwealth Relations Conference in Toronto that "the empire is so great a power for good in the world that it would threaten an incalculable disaster should it be endangered or weakened by our deliberately adopting a policy opposed to that of Great Britain on any major issue."

Easter Drama

By PAUL BUSSARD

Condensed from a book*

The Alleluia is sung in the same fashion as the Gradual, but, whereas the Gradual is a brief meditation on the Epistle, the Alleluia is a short preparation for the Gospel. It has a more joyful character. Both the words and the music express the high inner joy that every Christian feels when he thinks of the Gospel, the good news of redemption. Since it is a song of joy it is always omitted in times of penance.

While the Alleluia is being sung, preparations are made for the solemn procession to the place or pulpit where the Gospel is to be sung. The final Alleluia comes just before the deacon sings to the people, "*Dominus vobiscum.*" It leads, therefore, to the climax of the Mass of the Catechumens, because the hearing of the words of Christ is the most important part of this service in which men speak to God and God speaks to men.

The melody to which the Alleluia is sung is long and intricate. This is especially true of the last *a* of Alleluia. Upon that syllable there is often a very long series of notes. Naturally some singers had difficulty in remembering the melody without any words to help them, so gradually they began to put words to the melody

they had to sing just as an aid to their memory.

The person who began writing Sequences was a monk named Notker, who lived in the monastery of St. Gall in the 10th century. (He died in 912.) It is said that a monk from another monastery came to St. Gall with some liturgical books in which words were fitted to the melody of the Alleluia verse. Notker conceived the idea of making these words mean something. Accordingly, he adapted texts to all the Alleluia melodies for the entire year. These compositions became known as Sequences. *Sequence* means a following out—in this case a following out or drawing out of the Alleluia melody in words.

In the course of time writing Sequences became very popular. Some of them were written in Latin, some in vernacular languages, like German, and some in a strange mixture of both Latin and another language. After a while Sequences were written with no intention of ever having them sung at Mass, something like the way persons write sonnets at the present time. But in the age they were written, the Missal was not uniform for the entire Church; every diocese had

*The Meaning of the Mass. 1942. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York City. 329 pp. \$2.25.

Sequences which were used only in that particular place.

The Missal was finally made uniform for the entire Church by Pope Pius V in 1570. When the work of revision was being done, all but five of the many Sequences which had become added to the Missal since the 10th century were discarded. These are the five which we know today.

The *Victimae Paschali Laudes* of Easter is one of the five Sequences still found in the Missal. In spite of the fact that the Sequence, as a general rule, would serve to distract attention from the lesson, this poem is probably worth a little distraction for its poetry, for the melody to which it is set, and for the associations which have formed about it.

This Sequence, which was written in the 11th century, is supposed to have been set to a fine melody by its author. It begins:

Forth to the Paschal Victim,
Christians, bring
Your sacrifice of praise.

Then it goes on to describe the redemption:

The Lamb redeems the sheep;
And Christ, the sinless One,
Has to the Father sinners reconciled.

Then in words much more beautiful in Latin than in English:

Together, death and life
In a strange conflict strove:

The Prince of life who died,
Now lives and reigns.

Up to this point the Sequence is just like any other hymn in honor of the resurrection. But now it breaks off and addresses one person:

What thou sawest, Mary, say
As thou wentest on the way.

Mary replies:

I saw His glory as He rose again;
I saw the tomb wherein the living One had lain;
Napkin, and linen clothes, and angels twain.
Yea, Christ is risen, my hope,
and He will go before you into Galilee.

Then the chorus goes on to repeat Mary's statement:

We know that Christ indeed
has risen from the grave:
Hail, Thou King of Victory!
Have mercy, Lord, and save.
Amen. Alleluia.

Outside of the fact that this is a fine religious poem, it is interesting because it is dramatic and because it, or others like it, gave rise to all the drama we have today in the western world. At the time it was written, there was no such thing as a play upon a stage. The drama of pagan Rome had died partly because it was on the point of death, if not the point of putrefaction, and partly because

the Church had so opposed it. After the dramatic quality of the Easter Sequence was recognized, the development of drama began again in the western world.

At first the simple play which is contained in the lines of the Sequence was acted out. Someone from the chorus took the part of Mary and sang the description of what she had seen. Later the play was made more complete, actors were added and the parts rehearsed. It was not long until it became too much to be done in church, so it was taken outside the church and played in the public square or on the lawn just outside the church. Soon there were hundreds of

these plays, called mystery plays because they dramatized a mystery like the resurrection, and hundreds of others called morality plays because they acted out the meaning of virtues and vices.

When a company, who had learned to put on plays which were well liked, thought to give the world the benefit of their talent and went about the country, they soon developed into strolling players. It was only after a long time that theaters were built where people might come to the plays. Even in Shakespeare's time the stage of the theater was very bare and meager, and the manner of staging plays very primitive.



Idea for Action

A few months ago a house-to-house census was conducted in the archdiocese of San Antonio by the Catholic Action Council of Men. Most of the census takers were high-school boys and girls. All residences were visited, whether of Catholics or non-Catholics. The latter received a leaflet which stated that the council had available literature which explained briefly, courteously and interestingly the things which Catholics believe, do and live day after day. The offer was made to send this literature regularly, on request, and without cost, "because we have no purpose in mind other than to engender understanding and good will, so necessary today if America is to stand united against the evils that surround us." The response was overwhelming. Approximately 6,500 non-Catholics requested this literature and information.

The Magnificat (Feb. '42).

Stars Under the Big Top

By BOB SENSER

He made a better twist

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

A hush falls on the 11,000 people in the big top, and 11,000 pairs of eyes are turned expectantly toward the tent's "back door," from which all performers enter. The band begins a galloping melody. Into the center ring dash 12 members of the Cristiani family, nine of them on horseback.

Featured performers of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey circus, the Cristianis start things popping right from the beginning of their act, and keep them popping until the end. Handsprings are done on horseback. There are individual jumps to the backs of running horses. Two brothers perform the same feat in unison. Three brothers try it and succeed. Four. Then, five—as many as can fit between a horse's bow and stern—dash across the ring in step, leap into the air, and land gracefully on the back of the animal. As a climax, all five do a "jump on," the same trick except that they land, not in a sitting position, but standing. Nor is their bag of tricks spent.

In addition, they perform such stunts as a somersault from the back of one running horse to that of another behind it. Loud applause comes from the audience when one of the brothers makes a flying leap to the

back of a horse, while balancing on his shoulders a 100-pound circus sulky.

The American circus has long overused such superlatives as *colossal*, *incredible*, and *supersensational*. But the Cristianis are deserving of superlative praise. They are not only the largest bareback-riding family in the American circus but one of the largest families that ever performed under a big top on this side of the Atlantic. They are probably the best acrobatic horsemen in the world. In short, the Cristianis are the circus world's tops in two departments: family life and horsemanship.

This year the Cristiani family celebrates its 73rd season in the circus. The last eight they have been in the U.S. At the close of the season in December, Ringling Brothers circus, for whom the Cristianis work, gives a benefit performance before almost 10,000 people in Sarasota, Fla., their winter home. The \$3,000 netted goes toward the payment of a new church building in the Cristianis' home parish, St. Martha's in Sarasota.†

Their names, features, and accent clearly show that the Cristianis come from Italy.

Traveling with the Ringling Brothers

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, June '41, p. 4.

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. March, 1942.

ers circus are the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of the five generations of Cristianis who have been in the circus business. Grandfather and Grandmother Cristiani, eight of their 11 children, three daughters-in-law, and four grandchildren total 17 persons, and 12 of these form the Cristianis riding troupe.

The man who caused the name Cristianis to become identified with the word circus was a hardy blacksmith of Pisa, Italy. Neighbors of Amilio Cristianis did not expect him to go into the circus game any more than they expected the King of Italy to go to Italian Somaliland to peddle balloons.

Friends in Pisa were convinced that Amilio was making a big mistake by allowing his son Pilado to visit the local gymnasium so often. But Amilio encouraged the boy to keep on learning circus stunts. One day Pilado's activities resulted in an event that local gossips had guessed would be inevitable: he ran away with a circus and later married one of the performers.

Then Amilio made what his friends considered his second big mistake. Instead of allowing his son to go his own way, Amilio, a firm believer in family solidarity, resigned his position as blacksmith to the royal family, even though in a few years he would have been eligible for a lifetime pension. In 1869, with his savings and some bonus money, he purchased a circus of his own, and brought

back his son and daughter-in-law as two of its artists.

Through years of hard work the Cristianis were able to build their circus into one of the biggest and best in Italy. A one-ring enterprise, it toured the boot of Italy in week and monthlong stands throughout most of the year, and crossed over to the warmer climate of Sicily during the winter.

In those days, every performer had to be able to ride elephants and horses, float through the air on the flying trapeze, juggle, tumble, and do many other varied tasks. At most of these Pilado and his six sons and four daughters became expert.

The most brilliant of all of Pilado's children, however, was Ernesto, whose tumbling enthralled the crowds. Another of Ernesto's assets was his ability as stabilizer of the Cristianis bank-book. Four times the family circus went broke; four times Ernesto dashed off to Paris, and by his spectacular tumbling earned enough money to put the family back on its feet.

All but one of Ernesto's 11 children inherited his love for the circus. At the age of four or five they began to practice somersaults and other stunts. Only Benito, who broke his arm and leg in a fall from a trapeze at the age of 12, developed a distaste for the life.

In 1929, when the reverberations of the bank crash in the U. S. were

also felt in Italy, Ernesto decided that his family would have fewer worries if they would disband their circus, and join another at a regular weekly salary. In the seven years that followed, the Cristianis, as part of a circus that toured the continent, visited every country in Europe except Russia.

Gradually, the Cristianis, jacks of all circus trades, became known as masters of one: bareback riding. The third oldest of Ernesto's seven sons, Lucio, became the star. For about six years Lucio had been practicing a bareback stunt that no one had ever attempted before: a full twist somersault from the back of one running horse to that of another behind it. In 1931, before some 10,000 people at the Medrano circus in Paris, he performed the feat for the first time in public. The crowd hailed him as Spaniards do a victorious matador, or as Americans do a pitcher who has just won a no-hit game.

The first offer from an American circus executive came in 1931 from Pat Valdo, director of performers for Ringling Brothers, but the Cristianis turned it down. In Brussels in 1934 Valdo again saw the family do its stuff, and once more came forward with another offer. From 11:30 one night until 4:30 the next morning, Valdo talked with Ernesto and two of his sons. Finally the Cristianis gave in. Even though they knew only a

few words of English and had not a friend in the U.S., they would go across the Atlantic; and if they didn't like it, they would come right back.

Awe-stricken, the Cristianis arrived in New York City, just a few days before the opening of the circus in Madison Square Garden in April, 1934. Featured with lion-trainer Clyde Beatty, they stopped the show cold as 25,000 clapped and whistled for more. New York had taken the Cristianis' breath away, and now the Cristianis were taking away the breath of New Yorkers.

In Europe, circus stars are idolized much like movie stars are in the U.S. In 1936 the Cristianis not only crashed Hollywood as the stars of a picture, but their own lives and accomplishments were made the subject of that picture, an M-G-M short, *The Amazing Cristianis Family*. The funny part of the thing was that the Cristianis were so busy after making the film that their friends in Italy wrote them how wonderful the movie was before the Cristianis themselves were able to see it.

Circus life may seem glamorous to many people. In reality it is just plain hard work; but the Cristianis love it. A month at Madison Square Garden starts off each season early in April. Then follow seven months on the road—with two shows a day for seven days a week. More than three-fourths of their stops are one-night stands,

which means traveling 100 miles or more each night. But the Cristianis feel perfectly at home even with such constant moving. On the performers' train they have to themselves a whole Pullman car, with a combined dining room and kitchen, five roomettes, and 12 berths.

Still going strong at 62, Ernesto gave up riding two years ago at the insistence of his children, but he still teaches new tricks to the youngsters

and also to the family dog, Fifi. Ernesto's father, Pilado, lived to be 72. His great-grandfather, Amilio, died at home at 101. So, in spite of the perils of the ring, the Cristianis have demonstrated that they know how to take care of themselves.

Whenever he is asked where he was born, Ernesto smiles and answers with his Italian accent: "The circus. That is my birthplace, my home, and my nationality."



"Gaiety," said a distinguished Frenchman, "is the best mark of the true aristocrat." It is, perhaps, the most noticeable characteristic of the Irish.

I watch them go by, up and down my road, and I deeply admire the saucy tilt of their hats. An Englishman, as befits a solid fellow of substance, wears his hat firmly on his head, but an Irishman tilts his headgear over one eye with a glorious devil-may-care gesture. Under its ragged brim he may be harboring the sorrows of mankind, but he will never let you know it. One admires courage when he sees it, even in the tilt of a hat.

Jules S. Post in the *Capuchin Annual* quoted in the *Irish Digest* (Jan. '42).



Not long ago the Turkish ambassador to the U. S. was in San Francisco. After I had served him a Near East dinner we became friendly. Finally I could not help saying, "It is a strange thing to say to you, but a few years ago my greatest joy would have been to put poison in your food because you are a Turk and I am an Armenian; but now that I am an American I do not feel the slightest animosity."

The ambassador looked at me with a puzzled expression. "I know," he said. "I have a funny feeling over here, too."

George Mardikian in *Who* (Nov. '41).

Do's and Don'ts for Girls

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Pres., Hunter College

Uncommon sense

Condensed from *Look**

1. **Don't** assume that any crisis, either national or personal, can be settled in a week or a month. Take a deep breath; remember that the human being is geared to last 70 years, if circumstances permit; and move according to the rhythm that span of time suggests. A blitzkrieg wins only the first round.

2. Don't be in too great a hurry to prepare yourself for a job. You may make a bad choice or atrophy your best talents. It is strangely true that some of the most easily placed candidates for positions in civil service or business are those who have majored in the classics. It is no less true that demands for highly specialized training may dry up very suddenly.

3. Do give your college a chance to carry out its favorite boast that it is educating young ladies. The dean may occasionally seem a pest—but, after all, a woman's hair should be combed; her dress ought not to sag; she should be able to laugh without shrieking; she ought to know what to do with her hands; she must know how to enter a museum without thinking she has discovered a new continent; and she might well understand a little about music.

4. Don't permit yourself to think

that one author is all that matters in English literature. The most helplessly noncommunicative of human beings are those who have cast the pattern of their speech in one mold. In addition, you will be interesting to the degree that you are acquainted with a number and variety of people in both real life and books.

5. Don't forget that religion lasts, while ideologies do not. Have you ever seen anything last that wasn't made of pretty good material? The Dutch, for example, are a great people—never greater than now. And I am sure that the Dutchman who will be longest remembered and cherished is Thomas à Kempis. This remark is not original with me. Hendrik Van Loon, the historian, said as much to me the other day, and I hope he won't mind my repeating it here.

6. Do love your country, its institutions, traditions and aspirations, with all your soul. Now, of course, it would be difficult not to. One has only to think of the boys who need you, perhaps more than any other generation of young Americans have needed their sisters and their sweethearts. One may poke fun at one's politicians and even one's neighbors when there is nothing else to do. One may be

*511 5th Ave., New York City. Feb. 24, 1942.

savagely critical when there is need for criticism. But always let your heart beat more quickly when you sing the national anthem. And then do something about it. Something intelligent and sensible. Do your duty.

7. Do learn to know something about caring for children, about cooking, balancing a budget, setting a table, and dressing a simple wound. Nothing is so utterly unprofessional as a girl who needs the advice of a husband on how to make her first-born child comfortable in whatever happens to be the current substitute for a cradle.

8. Don't treat physical training as if it were either something which might bite you or something which makes your conversation one long hymn of praise for the prowess of Alice Marble and Larry MacPhail—to the utter boredom of your friends. Games strengthen the body but also cheer the soul. Many enduring friendships have been founded on the training field.

9. Do resolve to dress in accordance with the suggestions received from Old Sol and eat intelligently, regardless of your dimensions. There is no necessity for an obese figure in a country like ours which affords a varied

diet, and there is no esthetic excuse for a gangly figure. It is, after all, pretty certain that few husbands will model their tastes on Picasso.

10. Do give what are termed "extracurricular activities" a try. Some of them are waste motion, but to dispense with them altogether is to deprive yourself of the benefits of democracy in action. Helping to produce a college play or to publish a college paper is very good practice in the fine art of getting on with your co-workers in any job.

11. Don't behave with the opposite sex as if you were on the rim of a volcano. Complete naturalness is the key to happy companionship. A girl's success in love is assured by being realistic, not romantic; a boy's, by being romantic and not realistic. To triumph over a man, marry him and make him like it.

12. Do try to develop a proficiency in a few basic skills which are not essentials of the college program but which do belong to the needed equipment for modern life. Your grandmothers learned to tat and to embroider. You should learn to use a typewriter (preferably touch system) and acquire enough shorthand to take 40 words a minute.

What Every Woman Knows

Three kinds of men don't understand women: old men, young men, and men of middle age.

Irish proverb.

Sugar Is Eating Men

By RUSSELL LORD

Freedom begins at home

Condensed from the *Land**

Nowhere on earth does one find a nastier example of population pressure, racked soils, and terrific poverty than on that "pearl of the Antilles," perhaps our most important possession in the Caribbean, Puerto Rico.

The island is rectangular, about 100 miles long and 35 miles in width. Its total area is roughly that of Connecticut, but its arable area is much reduced by a rocky spine of mountains down the middle. If the continental U. S. had to support as many persons per arable acre as Puerto Rico does, it would be supporting considerably more than a billion people, not the mere 132 million that it does now.

In the 40-odd years of American occupation the island's population has more than doubled. The latest official count shows 1,800,000; and many believe that a possible 200,000 escaped compilation. An uncountable swarm subsists in small hidden huts up the mountainsides, in the matted depths of tropic jungles, and in the clutter of stinking city slums.

The greatest demonstrable advance has been in general health and hygiene. It is hard to believe that the death rate has been lowered very much; you still see so many funerals.

Nevertheless, statistics indicate a

marked reduction in the death rate, especially in the infant mortality, since we North Americans took over; and in this we come to the very heart of the enigma. The birthrate is just about what it has always been, but the population of the island is virtually doubling every 40 years, and the thinned land cannot support the increase.

As one of the investigating committee which Rex Tugwell took to Puerto Rico before he became its governor, I passed some six weeks of 1941 in two visits there. The Tugwell committee's report on the 500-Acre Law and how to enforce it is now, I believe, before Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, and has not been made public as yet. It would be improper to anticipate the findings and recommendations, but there can be no objection to reviewing the situation which called for study and action.

For some reason of which no one seems certain, a notably conservative Congress of the U. S. passed in 1900 an act limiting corporate (not individual) land holdings on the island of Puerto Rico. No sooner had corporations found it against the law to engage in big sugar operations on this island, than they moved in and took over, quite openly. From then until

*321 Union Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C. Autumn, 1941.

1940 the 500-Acre Law was ignored and flouted by North American and Spanish-American entrepreneurs operating much in the spirit of our Prohibition era.

Some of the corporate sugar holdings in Puerto Rico have increased to as much as 50,000 acres. About 65% of the sugar is controlled by four large American companies, which are absentee owned.

Actually, a Supreme Court decision preceded the committee's appointment and its two journeys of investigation. The essence of the decision was simple. The Supreme Court said this act was a law of the land, never repealed, never substantially altered; let it be enforced. The job of the Tugwell committee was to say how.

We held hearings at the capitol in San Juan. They were stirring hearings. Between the long dull stretches of hired technicians reading papers that had been ghosted for them by lawyers, both the technicians and the people told something of the truth.

"Land! Bread! Freedom!" was the slogan under which Senate President Muñoz Marin and his back-country *Populares* had attained to their slender and varying majority in the insular Senate and House. Break up the big holdings. Restore the land to the people in little pieces. Let them grow food and make homes. The emotional appeal of such a program is undeniable, especially in a place so cursed by

a one-crop, cash-crop economy. *But* the island lives by sugar; and sugar cannot be raised economically in very small units. Bigger units, rather than smaller; more machinery rather than less; and consequently an even greater displacement of agricultural hands may seem to make more sense, from a strictly business point of view, for Puerto Rico.

Thus the dilemma, stated simply. But the land situation in Puerto Rico can really not be stated simply; it is terribly complex. The most enduring conflict, it began to appear early in the hearings, will not be between the corporations and the people, but among the people themselves. The corporations are willing to be bought out. Their only real fear at the moment is that, having broken the law, their lands will be confiscated. The head men, the really big shots among the sugar people, did not appear at the hearing, or on the island. They stayed in their offices up on the Continent and sent word through legal and technical representatives (who often burst out a bit, personally, as honest individuals, apart from their set papers). The really big sugar men sent word, in effect, that Puerto Rico was not in any sense their major concern. The island's sugar future seemed to them highly uncertain, and they wouldn't mind being paid to get out.

Legally, the situation of these corporate holders exceeding 500 acres is

probably that of squatters, but they are very large squatters in Puerto Rico, and cold bargainers. And there is no use in forming moral judgment against them just because they are not what the law calls "natural persons." They do, in the main, raise sugar more efficiently than do the "natural" smaller operators; and they are on sound economic ground in arguing, and proving time and again, that even with things as they are, Puerto Rico is a relatively high-cost sugar producing area. Any action that would run up sugar production costs might well have to be met with the provision of further subsidies to keep this half-sick industry and this half-starved island alive.

Some of the most helpful and permanent work now being done on the island is that of physicians, teachers and social workers. The Soil Conservation Service and, more recently, the Farm Security Administration are also doing work that may really amount to something for a long time to come.

"More than lip service is needed," says John Chamberlain, considering this midway outpost, which we have held as a "dependency" ever since 1898. There are bright spots in our record here, but the record as a whole is shameful. "Now that we are promoting a world campaign for 'freedom from want' everywhere," Chamberlain continues, writing in Christmas week, 1941, "the State Department knows

that Puerto Rico is a fit subject for a cosmic ironist, and carefully steers South Americans away from the island.

"Puerto Rico could be made into a prize exhibit of our good intentions toward Latin peoples. It could be made a bulwark of psychological hemisphere defense."

It could be, and it may be. Puerto Rico has had, on the whole, a motley succession of governors, military, civil and political. There was one bluff old governor who went around saying that the solution of the island's troubles was to submerge it completely for five minutes. He was a naval man, so it may be presumed that he hoped to survive the deluge, and his suggestion proved popular in yacht-club circles. They still quote it. There was another governor who loved to dine, drink and dance. He could dance all night, they say, if you fetched him an untiring array of lovely girls; he could dance for miles; and he ordinarily got, Puerto Ricans say, around 30 miles to the gallon. Then there was a cruder product of courthouse politics, who in his first address, declared, "I'm going to learn your lovely language, this Spanish; but give me time, give me six weeks, folks! I ain't got it yet." An island satirist suggested next day in one of the most spirited of the capital's newspaper columns that the governor take it easy, "One thing at a time, Your Excellency. Learn English first." There have been good gover-

nors too, who have ruled in Puerto Rico.

It was a relief after two sessions of the hearing to get out on the land of Puerto Rico and see actual and widespread efforts of groundline reconstruction well under way. Decisive efforts to check soilwash on this island date only from the decade of the 1930's. Interest has been intense because need is intense. Go to a Puerto Rican with talk of cultural relations and he will be polite or even interested, but tell him a way to keep that hillside patch of his from washing into the rivers and sea and he will receive you as one who brings him life.

Terraces, like giant staircases, are considered economically indefensible in our states. In Puerto Rico they are absolutely necessary. Many a farming family high up the mountains now is raising cash and feed crops on the flat, narrow bands of earth between such terraces, and raising forage for oxen, goats or other livestock wholly on the "riser," or wall of earth, between.

For an island as small as one of our smaller states, Puerto Rico offers an astonishing array of soils and climate. Except for absolute desert, every stage of rainfall scarcity and overabundance is noted on the precise maps by which the soil conservation technicians make plans for a groundline reconstruction of agriculture.

On the sharp hills beyond Lowder-

milk Field the experimenters are trying multiple-use cropping experiments which protect the slopes. There are three layers of crops. The main crop is coffee, but coffee trees or bushes do better when shaded; so the top layer of growth is guava, or glivicada, trees for permanent shade. Under that cover are other canopies of growth: coffee and bananas. The land so cropped is almost as steep as a cliff. You have to pull your way up it, hand by hand, from plant to plant.

Mayaguez and its experimental station are at the far end of the island, remote from San Juan, with its capitol and slums. They have a saying in Puerto Rico that as you draw near Mayaguez, the children's legs are fatter and stronger. From what I could see on two quick trips there I believe that is true.

In recent months, PRRA (the Puerto Rican Reconstruction Administration) has turned its work over very largely to FSA (the Farm Security Administration), which Rex Tugwell started as the Resettlement Administration back in the States. The problem in Puerto Rico is less to move or resettle farmers than to help them hold onto their little places and get more to eat where they are.

When field men of the Farm Security Administration undertake to rehabilitate a *gibaro*, or peasant, family, they do not go at the question of acreage with an arbitrary limit or any set

formula in mind. They look the family over, examine its past record, then look around for a place to put them, with a small loan, plus guidance, and a chance to hang on.

A good example of FSA work is the family of Joncio Lopez, struggling to be rehabilitated under a small government loan and constant supervision. They live three miles from Rio Piedras, 11 miles from the capital, in rough foothills. Social and agricultural workers found this family of 14 persons stranded, almost literally "living under a tree," and placed them on an abandoned citrus farm of 28 acres.

"This family was thin, worn, weak and homeless," the FSA man said. "They do not look completely settled even now. But they sure are full of beans, homegrown, and hustling. This job has cost us only \$457 a person so far. That's cheap relief."

It is, and it seems to be working, on this little 28-acre farm in the foothills of Puerto Rico. The family load is a little lighter now. Two of the boys are in the army. This leaves ten of the young at home, and the mother and

father. The father is a big, quiet, smiling man. He doesn't quite understand how it all happened. But now that he and his family have been staked to a place of their own—"a big place," as he sees it—he has taken willingly, almost docilely, nearly every suggestion of these strange new proprietors—eager young Puerto Rican field men of the Farm Security Administration. He works hard all day long. So do all of the 12 at home. In 1941 they raised 14 different food products, including milk, pork, plantain, sweet potatoes, eggs (not from fighting chickens), and a widening variety of native fruits and vegetables. The shattered citrus grove still gave enough for plentiful use at home and a considerable amount to be sold from way-side stands.

So Joncio Lopez and his family are really getting along. They are delighted beyond expression. In 1941 the Triple-A people also permitted them a small sugar allotment. Only three acres, to be grown most carefully on the contour. But the Adjustment payment—\$120!



Beginnings...XXXIV...

WASHINGTON

First priests: Fathers Francis N. Blanchet and Modeste Demers in Nov., 1838.

First Masses: By the above, Nov. 6, 1838, at Fort Colville.

First Baptisms: Nineteen by the same priests at Fort Colville, Nov., 1838.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

The Magic Quest

Wanted: supersacerdos

By WHITNEY BOLTON

Condensed from *Extension**

Somewhere on this troubled globe, there is an actor. There probably are 556,000 actors, but this particular actor will get a big job. After the sifting and winnowing has been done, this one fortunate man will emerge as the man to play the year's most important film role—that of Father Francis Chisholm.

While the public in tens of thousands—to a total of 600,000 at this moment of writing—buys and reads so absorbedly Dr. A. J. Cronin's *The Keys of the Kingdom*, in Hollywood another man continues his search for the actor to enact the part of Father Chisholm. Much of the work he is doing is repetitive; he is coursing old and familiar ground. Since he broke into the motion-picture business as a boy in his teens, David O. Selznick has never been a quick caster. When his father was making motion pictures earlier in this century, the boy David was culling casting lists, studying past performances of actors and actresses, trying to evolve a system by which each role in every picture could and would have the very best player suitable and available.

When he grew into prominence as one of Hollywood's precisionists, making classic stories faithfully and with

careful regard for what the author wrote in his original work, Selznick continued his double demands: the screen play should keep faith with the original, and every role, however minute, should be the most perfect representation of the character described by the author.

At a cost of many thousands of dollars, he sent scouts to New York to locate the perfect Tom Sawyer. After weeks of search, in which he led the scouts, a boy named Tommy Kelly was found in a parochial school in New York City. Tommy had a faint trace of New York accent, scarcely suitable for a Mississippi classic, but in every other respect he was perfect. Tommy was engaged, was given into the care of tutors and voice specialists, and months later emerged as the nation's flawless Tom Sawyer. His Mississippi accent not only charmed everyone, but caused Mark Twain addicts to pronounce the boy just what Twain would have ordered. When Twain addicts break into praise, you've got something.

When *Gone with the Wind* became Selznick's property, he instantly realized two things: the entire nation would demand Clark Gable in the role of Rhett Butler, but the public had

*360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. March, 1942.

no unified opinion as to what actress should play Scarlett O'Hara. Mr. Selznick instituted a tremendous search for the girl and, again, at the cost of many thousands of dollars and uncounted hours of labor, found a virtually unknown actress.

The glowing success of his searches has resulted in a game. Other studios, noting the public clamor aroused by the legitimate Selznick searches, have fabricated talent hunts. But once Selznick has found the player for whom he is looking, he goes to work on the picture.

The Hollywood perfectionist has no desire for an extended search to find a man fitted to play the title role in Cronin's book. If he could find the actor to play Father Chisholm tonight, that would be that and the search would be over. In the matching feminine role, Sister Maria Veronica, for example, there is no hard search under way, no spurious beating of the publicity drums in a fake quest for an actress. The day he read—and bought—*The Keys of the Kingdom*, Selznick cast the role of Sister Maria Veronica and announced his casting publicly. She will be played by Ingrid Bergman, whose performances in *Intermezzo*, *Adam Had Four Sons* and *Rage in Heaven*, brought her to immediate public attention and popularity and who, by her performance in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, was a popular candidate for the Academy Award.

The problems confronting him in this search for Father Chisholm are enormous. The actor must be young enough to look in his early 20's in the beginning of the picture, yet must be able to age into the 60's without looking like a fake old man. The actor must have facial features believably those of a consecrated man, yet must not be a sourpuss. In the past, Hollywood has unwisely picked out actors for priestly roles from the ranks of those with gaunt, sad faces. This was due to a mistaken theory that a gaunt, sad face betokens a sincere and holy man. Spencer Tracy was one of the first to break down this dismally daffy notion. He proved that an actor can look warm, human and virile, and still adequately portray a priest.

From the beginning, Selznick believed that Tracy was the man. And from the beginning the producer's mail was thick with unsolicited letters from readers of Dr. Cronin's book suggesting he cast Tracy as Father Chisholm. Faithful to the film public and readers of the book, Selznick promptly asked M-G-M for Tracy. M-G-M replied that Tracy was not available. Reluctantly Selznick had to tell his correspondents that Tracy would not be cast in the role.

The search, thus far, has gone to England, where both Robert Donat and Leslie Howard were considered, as was also Maurice Evans, the distinguished Shakespearean player.

Into the Selznick studio, some day soon, may come an actor who is at once and profoundly the man they are looking for. If this man fills the bill, he's got a job: the biggest acting job of the year.

[*Extension* invites you to help select the cast for this picture, even offers \$100 in prizes for doing so. Get a copy of the March issue of *Extension* magazine for complete details. (Address on page 43)—Ed.]



Proclamation

Mayor's Office, City Hall. March 15, 1940: For nearly three decades San Francisco has led the world in the reverent observance of Good Friday.

Therefore, I can only be pleased that it is my official duty to remind you—perhaps needlessly—of the tradition you yourselves have established. But I have the satisfaction of reaffirming officially your commemoration of the divine sacrifice for humanity. I have the honor to proclaim this year, as in the past, that San Francisco bows its head in homage to Christ upon His cross.

Therefore, it is with assurance that, in this regard, my recommendation is heeded before it is made, that I, as Mayor of the City and County of San Francisco, direct that our municipal government and all its departments suspend activity to the extent compatible with the welfare of our citizens, and that subordinates be released between the hours of 12 and 3 for the purpose of attending divine services.

May I further suggest that other governmental offices in this city do likewise as far as may be practicable. I also most respectfully urge all private organizations to cease business activity during those hours, and to release their employees for attendance at such services.

Lastly, I recommend most earnestly that all citizens take advantage of such opportunity to attend divine services in honor of Christ Crucified during the sacred Three Hours of His crucifixion, that is, between 12 o'clock noon and 3 o'clock, P. M., on Friday, 22nd March, 1940.

ANGELO J. ROSSI, Mayor.

Atheist's Logic

By JOHN MOODY

Hell bent for horse heaven

Condensed from a book*

In Wall St. there used to be an allegedly wise, old armchair philosopher, who prided himself on his wide knowledge and great wisdom, as well as on his acumen in the stock market. He was ready at all times to speak with authority on any subject under the sun: science, politics, economics, finance, the fine arts, or religion. Perhaps he did have a smattering of knowledge beyond the capacity of the ordinary man in the street. In any event, many there were who hung on his words of wisdom.

One day I was a guest of this seasoned old freethinker and stock-market wizard at a luncheon of half a dozen business men, one of whom was a Catholic. It was before I had become a Catholic myself. The luncheon was on a Friday, but this meant nothing to our host, who had ordered luscious English mutton chops for all his guests. The Catholic, however, declined the chops, and to the evident embarrassment of the apologizing host, asked for some fish instead. And then, as it happened, the Catholic had to leave before the luncheon was quite over. Our host now took the floor on the subject of Catholicism. None of the others knew much about it, but he claimed to speak with authority.

"Oh, I knew he was a Catholic," he said, "but for a moment I had forgotten. No doubt he is sincere in it, although a bit daffy, of course. I have talked with him about it more than once. He is not a fool; he does seem to know all the strong arguments for Catholicism from the ground up. Of course there are strong arguments for the Catholic view—provided you accept the basic ones."

"What basic ones?" asked several.

"Well, you must believe in the existence of God for one thing. And you must believe that Jesus Christ was born of a Virgin, that He rose from the dead after being crucified, walked around in Palestine and talked, ate and slept like any of us, for 40 days more; that He founded a Church and picked Peter (the most unreliable of all His disciples, except Judas) to head His Church. And then disappeared into heaven."

"But aren't those just fables?" asked a simple little broker. "I understand those ideas were exploded long ago."

"Oh, but the Catholics claim there is plenty of proof for all these things. And the Catholics do have arguments. Just get into a discussion with a Jesuit, as I once did, and he'll stand you on your head in no time. These Catholics

*Fast by the Road. 1942. Macmillan Company, New York City. 308 pp. \$2.50.

are very logical, and if logic were an infallible guide, we would all have to become Catholics. But fortunately for you and me, logic is a very unsafe guide; you never know where it is leading you. Just try it on the stock market, and see where you come out. Logic is a good thing up to a point, but one should never be too logical. There is no question in my mind that the weakness of our Catholic friend is that he is entirely too logical."

"Can't you convince him of that? Why don't you show him? Have you tried to?" This from the little broker.

"I've discussed things with him more than once; but he is, as I said, a bit daffy on the subject. So, live and let live, I say. Of course, you all know my own view on these religious panaceas. All freethinking Christians nowadays view God as merely the mystery back of life which we know nothing about. You ought to read a bit of old David Hume, or that modern chap, Russell, or wise old John Dewey up at Columbia. These boys show clearly enough that it's folly to try to unravel the mystery back of life. All we really know is that we men are just animals—like horses; we breed, we live, we die, without knowing what it's all about. And as for the idea Catholics hold, that Jesus Christ was a God-man, those are just words. If God is only an idea, a view, a figment of the imagination, how could there be a God-man?"

"Perhaps the Jesuit can tell you," ventured the simple little broker. Our fountain of wisdom ignored that, but some of us asked him to explain, if one did accept these basic Catholic beliefs, why other Catholic claims would logically follow; for instance, infallible Church, infallible Pope, and so on.

"Why, don't you see," replied the oracle, "the Catholics say that Christ was God Incarnate. If you assume the truth of that, then He was certainly infallible, and whatever He taught, whether it makes sense to you and me or not, must be true. And if, as an infallible God, He did found a Church on this earth and promised to protect that Church from error in teaching faith and morals, then the teachings of that Church *must* necessarily be infallibly true. All that's logical enough, isn't it? So you see where sticking to logic brings you out. It's absurd; dangerous. Don't ever be too logical."

"Humph! But how about the doctrine of hell?" asked the broker. "Catholics still believe in that, I am told. How can anyone of intelligence believe there's a hell? *That's* not logical at all. I've heard many a preacher say from the pulpit . . ."

"It is logical!" roared the oracle. "Logical as hell. If you stick to logic straight through you *must* believe in hell; that is, if you believe in a God of justice to start with. If there were such a God as Catholics claim there is, He could not be a God of justice

if He rewards everybody alike, good or bad, and provides no retribution for the wicked. If heaven is awaiting us all, and we are all certain to go there, then all unrepentant sinners—murderers, adulterers, thieves, criminals and all other crooks, even Wall St. crooks—will be ultimately sure of eternal bliss, won't they? They will finally wind up just like the saints. If that's so, why should anyone try to be a saint? Why not just have a high old time while we are here? That's logical, isn't it?"

"Do *you* believe in hell, then?" nervously asked the little broker. "I always assumed that you . . ."

"No, no; don't get me wrong; I'm just giving you the Catholic view. As for myself, I don't believe in human immortality at all. Of course, it is logical to think there is some purpose back of human life aside from living on this earth 50 or 60 years or more, and then being blotted out forever—just like a horse. But I say it's too damned logical to solve the riddle of life in that easy way. Never let logic carry you into that wishful fancy. Leave off logic at the proper point and fall back on common sense. And it's common sense to believe that death for us is the end—just as with a horse. All else is just pie in the sky; there's no doubt about it."

That was a genuine shock for the simple little broker, who really considered himself a Christian of a sort.

"You do not mean to say," he exclaimed, "that we flicker out for good? That *is* a sockdolager to me. If that's so, then why call ourselves Christians at all, even 'liberal' Christians? What's all the shooting for, if there's nothing to shoot at?"

So far as I can recollect, there was no answer to that from the wise old oracle. He glanced at the little broker rather disdainfully, and then changed the subject.

I have often wondered if that atheistic harangue made any impression on this group. It rolled off me like water off a duck's back, even though I was not then a Catholic. But I did learn long after how greatly it had upset the little broker. Some years after I had entered the Church, he said to me:

"I surely envy you being so sure of things. Do you recall the talk at that luncheon when his windy old nibs sprang his sockdolagers on religion: no God, no immortality, no hell and so on? I've often thought about it. Of course he didn't convince me any more than he convinced you. I still believe in God and I still believe in human immortality. But there's the question of hell. He claimed that if there were a heaven there would have to be a hell, too. I don't believe there is such a thing as hell. But then, the trouble is, I don't surely know that. That's what sometimes frightens me. Isn't it *hell* how little we do know?"

Rio

By HUGH GIBSON

Condensed from the book*

Rio is a great modern city, but do not forget that it is also older than any town in the U. S. It cannot be understood or appreciated without some knowledge of its past; nearly everything in it gains in interest when placed against its background.

And what a background it is! Rather a pageant of more than four centuries. Many of the great discoverers put in here at one time or another. First the Portuguese returned to drive out the French, and battles raged in the bay—naval battles against the French forts, with native Indians allied with both the adversaries. Years later the French came to attack the Portuguese and sack their little town. Then Portuguese governors and viceroys, and finally the king of Portugal, driven from Europe, transplanted a court to this continent, where it endured in changing forms for 80 years.

Various religious Orders played an active part in the civilization and development of the country. None contributed more than the Jesuits to the education of the people, the advancement of the arts and the material prosperity of the region. The position and power they won inspired hatred and antagonisms. The civil power, concerned over the growth of the Order

and the legends of its great wealth, decided to adopt strong measures, and in 1759 the governor received orders from Lisbon for the deportation of the Jesuits. Their great monastery on the Morro do Castello was surrounded by troops to prevent them from carrying away their fabulous treasure, and the Fathers who remained alive were sent back to Portugal as prisoners.

But the great treasure was never found. Among the many explanations the most likely one is that it had never existed; and the withdrawal of the Jesuits constituted an undoubted setback to the development of the country.

When you arrive in Brazil, the first thing to do after unpacking is to revise all your preconceived ideas as to what the Brazilians are like.

You probably arrive convinced that, being Latin, they have exclusively European sympathies. Your first surprise is to find that although their background is Latin, and they have no antipathy to any race, they are definitely and instinctively friendly toward the U. S. and toward Americans. When you cast about for an explanation of this phenomenon, all sorts of reasons are given. There is no hard-and-fast answer that can be guaran-

*1937. Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y. 263 pp. \$3.50.

teed, so you will have to form your own conclusions; but here are some of the reasons the Brazilians themselves will advance:

For one thing, Brazil and the U. S. occupy a somewhat analogous position in this hemisphere; they are the two biggest countries of America—Brazil being the larger of the two; each speaks a language not spoken generally beyond its borders in this hemisphere; commercially and economically they have always complemented each other, and there has been no fundamental conflict of interests; politically they have identic aims in this attitude toward American problems; the fundamental aim of both the U. S. and Brazil is to insure peace in this hemisphere. This is not to say that the desire for peace is a monopoly of these two countries, but both are thus in a position to work together for the maintenance of peace and the solution of conflicts. We have a long record in this field of cooperation for peace.

All these are good and sufficient reasons for the absence of disagreement, political, commercial or economic; but when we get down to the everyday personal relationships of individuals, we must seek something deeper and more human. Perhaps the best answer is to be found in a similarity of mental outlook: there is perhaps no stronger bond than the ability to see eye to eye, to enjoy the same things and to

laugh at the same things; and it is revealing to find that along with the Brazilians' understanding and liking for Latin things goes an understanding appreciation of things we consider strictly American.

When *Little Women* appeared as a film the experts declared that it would be a failure because it was so essentially American that it was bound to bewilder and bore a Brazilian audience. Instead it played to packed houses for weeks.

At first you find something rather bewildering in your dealings with the Brazilians, which gradually reveals itself as a curious mixture of formality and matter-of-fact simplicity. This can to some extent be explained by the fact that the language itself is rather ceremonious: you are addressed, not in the second person as *you*, for that would be considered unduly familiar; you are addressed in the third person, as *o senhor*. And you may at first be somewhat taken aback at being addressed by a man who asks you for a match or some trifling service as *estimado senhor*, or in other equally flattering terms.

In talking to a familiar or an employee the second person is used. If your employee does something that annoys you and you wish to crush him, you don't abuse him or raise your voice: you take the more effective and devastating course of addressing him ceremoniously in the third person.

On one occasion the odd-job man had to be dealt with firmly. He submitted a preposterous bill. No accusations were made, and no reproaches, but he was told quietly and courteously and in the most pointedly third-person language that there must be a mistake, as *o senhor* would of course be incapable of having done anything of this sort deliberately. After a few such remarks the odd-job man collapsed, withdrew his bill, made good his shortcomings: and never showed his face again.

This is the heroic remedy, to be used only in extreme cases. For everyday matters the most effective means is a friendly and smiling approach. Try overbearing tactics with a policeman, and you will be made to feel the outraged dignity of the law. Appeal to the same policeman with a smile to let you park your car in a forbidden place, because you are in a hurry or somebody is waiting for you, and the chances are he will look after it for you himself. Bad temper and bad manners get you nowhere.

When you drop in at an office to transact business, try to adjust yourself to the pace of the man you are dealing with. He will not seek to impress you with a "state-your-business-briefly-I-am-a-busy-man" manner. Instead, his aim, no matter how busy he may be, is to give you the impression that your visit is the one important event of the day, and that nothing

else stands between him and a sense of abandonment. You don't sit on a hard chair beside his desk: you are put on the sofa, which is the seat of honor, and your host (for he is that) takes a chair. First of all, you talk of casual matters: how you are, what you are doing, what you wish to do, etc. Then, like as not, a servant in a white jacket comes in with little cups of coffee, black and piping hot. You don't see this in Wall Street, but it takes the curse off a business call and gives it graciousness.

Brazilian hospitality is coupled with a simplicity that makes it particularly attractive to Americans. If they ask you to their houses, they do it without the false pride that would impel them to make an impression on you by extraordinary effort or expenditure: as embarrassing to the guest as to the host. They are much more likely to give you potluck and have the older children at the table; and by the naturalness and simplicity of their welcome make you glad you came.

In many families there is open house at all hours. Nobody knows how many there will be for lunch or dinner, for any number of relatives may come and bring friends, and unexpected people may drop in. The only way to meet this is to have a sufficiently long table down the middle of the dining room and lay out the dishes, glasses and silver when they are all at table.

It doesn't surprise anybody to see unknown faces. One incident comes to mind which happened a year or so ago in the home of a prominent Brazilian whose house is open to all comers. One evening when dinner was announced he noticed a neglected-looking man sitting in the corner; he took the man by the arm and led him into the dining room. Some time later, out of curiosity, he asked one of his daughters who the man was. She didn't know but made inquiries, and eventually one of the servants said that he had delivered a package and was waiting to be paid.

Perhaps the strongest single force in Brazil is that of the family. Relationships are recognized in any degree, however remote, and clannishness is strongly marked. The old-fashioned family dinner where all the poor relations are gathered together is a recognized institution. Aside from keeping open house, many families have a given day on which all members are definitely expected to dine in a given house, that engagement taking precedence over all others; an invitation to anything else is met with the rather bewildering reply, "Oh no, we couldn't come. Don't you know that's the evening we always dine at home?"

The poorest relation has his assured status as a member of the family. If he falls ill, the head of the family or one of its prosperous members sees

that he is taken to the hospital and given medical care, but it is not considered that by doing this he has discharged his full duty; he is expected to go to the hospital every day to visit his kinsman. Any failure to do this is considered to be such a breach of taste and feeling as to impair his status as the leader of the family.

There is one unusually fine thing about this family feeling. In any large family group there are bound to be certain members who are not closely united by ties of affection, but no matter how little various members of a Brazilian family may be drawn together, let trouble threaten any one of them, and the whole clan flies to his defense as though he were the most cherished member of the family. No doubt it is old-fashioned and unprogressive, but there must be a good deal of comfort in the knowledge that no matter what may befall, you can count on a solid mass of uncles, aunts and cousins to the third degree to support you unquestioningly whenever you may need their help.

In the country you often come upon signs of the old patriarchal life: there is an easy relationship between the big landlord and the people on his property. They stop him by the roadside to discuss their needs and problems, taking it for granted that they will get a sympathetic hearing.

Brazil is a country where money has been put in its place: there are

so many things that are more important. There are few great fortunes in Rio, and none of the rich live ostentatiously. It is as though the extravagance of nature is so great that the people are trying to atone for it by their restraint.

Common sense is a marked characteristic of the Brazilians. They do not seek to impress you, and it is a waste of time to try to impress them. After you have known them some time, you begin to notice signs of an unsuspected shrewdness in their judgment of people and events, unsuspected because they form their opinions for themselves but do not feel the need to trumpet them. If they see through a humbug, they do not necessarily feel that the public welfare demands the revelation that they have not been fooled. Though they are quick to see through pretense or affectation, they are inclined to be indulgent or at least tolerant if there are compensating qualities.

Sense of humor plays a big role in Brazilian life, and they luckily have the faculty of laughing at themselves. The newspapers indulge in devastating analyses of national weaknesses, often spiced with witty comments that remove the sting. No foreigner would venture to their lengths in criticism, as when a young Brazilian at a banquet, after denouncing the apathy of the nation in some public question close to his heart, raised his glass and

concluded, "I drink to Brazil, the country that will always have a brilliant future!"

They are behind the times in another particular: they are not afraid of that much abused word *culture*. The learned societies play an important role in the community. Membership in the Brazilian Academy of Letters or the Historical and Geographic Institute and in other similar bodies gives a man more distinction in the community than he would gain from holding high office or from amassing a great fortune. Their meetings are not held before empty benches but to full and interested audiences. Even the newspapers are not afraid of substantial fare; the chief Rio paper, the *Jornal do Commercio*, which celebrated its 110th anniversary in 1937, serves a steady diet of historical essays, literary criticism and scientific articles which few papers elsewhere would venture to print.

But the impression of Rio that the discerning visitor carries away is one of kindliness and hospitality, courtesy, humor and good common sense.

The churches are well worthy of exploration. In all the more important convents and churches there is a wealth of finely carved furniture made from the richer Brazilian woods, the work itself often having been done in Portugal. In most of the churches are found elaborately carved choir stalls, altarpieces, massive chests of drawers

with heavy silver or bronze handles; long, carved benches in *jacarandá*; high-backed chairs with tooled-leather seats and backs studded with brass nails; *contadores*, with ivory keyhole escutcheons, oratories, wardrobes and tables. The more domestic furniture is found in styles that rather take one by surprise: Queen Anne, Sheraton, Chippendale, Louis XIV and Louis XV.

Some of the churches have fine and massive silver lamps hanging from the ceilings, some of the work of Mestre Valentim, a mulatto artisan who lived toward the end of the viceregal period, and was noted for his work in gold and silver. There is also some excellent marble work by Nogueira da Silva, who was considered the best of the Brazilian sculptors. A baptismal font which was his handiwork stands in the sacristy of the Carmo church.

Rio has long been a metropolitan see, but curiously enough has never had a cathedral. The old imperial chapel facing the Praça Quinze do Novembro serves that purpose.

The São Bento monastery, situated on top of the *morro* (hill) bearing the same name, was constructed by the Benedictine monks in 1628. The monks began work on a church adjoining the monastery in 1623 and completed it in 1642. It is one of the earliest churches of Rio, and has played a considerable role in the life of the town, sometimes more of a role

than was agreeable, as when the monastery was bombarded during the French attack: some of the cannon balls still remain imbedded in the structure. Its walls were built to withstand siege and have an outward appearance of strength rather than of beauty.

On the *morro* of Santo Antonio stand two churches looking out over the busy town below. They turn an equally good face to the world, but a different existence goes on behind each of the two façades. One church is rich, the other poor. One is the Franciscan church and monastery of Santo Antonio, vowed to poverty; and the other is the prosperous and heavily endowed church of São Francisco.

Most visitors take one all-inclusive morning or afternoon drive and go their way in the belief that they have seen Rio. As a matter of fact, those who like to do their sight-seeing by car can go on indefinitely, for there is a wealth of roads round about the city, and each affords a series of new pictures.

Along one of them the forest is like a great botanical garden; it seems almost incredible that so many different varieties of trees, plants and flowers should be found together. As a matter of fact, nature has been aided. Dom Pedro (and when you say Dom Pedro in Brazil you mean Dom Pedro II) was ahead of his time in his appreciation of the beauties of nature. He

devoted a great deal of time and thought to the building of good roads through the forest, leading to the points of vantage from which the best views could be enjoyed.

The growth was enriched by planting throughout the forest all sorts of trees, plants and flowers from other parts of Brazil, and even from abroad. The great *jaca* tree, with its yellow-green fruit as big as watermelons hanging singly or in clusters from trunk and branch, was imported from India to afford free food for the poor. While this fruit may maintain life, it is quite as capable of taking it, as you will realize if one weighing 20 to 30 pounds happens to fall on the road as you go by.

In the days of great mining activity, the Portuguese authorities required the declaration of all gold mined, and levied a heavy tax on it. This led to all sorts of subterfuges to evade surrendering the gold or paying the tax. It became common practice to use gold in the manufacture of the most ordinary household implements and utensils, and to load down all the family, and even the household servants, nurses, etc., with gold chains, bracelets and the like; chairs, chests and tables were studded with gold nails. Even in recent times dilapidated chairs have been bought for next to nothing, the purchaser discovering, upon rehabilitating one, that the nails holding the old leather on the

framework were of pure gold. It is not to be assumed, however, that every nail-studded chair is worth a fortune.

The explanation usually given for this prodigal use of gold was the love of luxury and ostentation; but it appears to have been a much more practical and realistic way of keeping the gold.

In the churches, the altars, pulpits and confessionals were splendidly executed in *jacarandá* or cedar.

Some of the artisans are characters. It is difficult to bargain with them about a price, and hopeless to argue with them about the question of time. A friend ordering a few pieces of furniture as an experiment, tried to fix a price and the time for delivery. The cabinetmaker, when asked how long the work would take, looked puzzled and answered, "How can I tell? When you work in beautiful wood like this on a beautiful design, you don't think about the time."

The next question was the price, to which the answer was simple, "How can I tell what the price will be when I don't know how long it will take?"

However, the customer was not so simple as to be taken in by any such tricks, and insisted on a price which, after great difficulty, was fixed reasonably enough. When the work was finished, the bill sent in was considerably less than the price originally fixed. When this was commented on, the cabinetmaker replied, "We didn't agree

on this price; you insisted on a figure and I merely fixed one that would meet all possible costs; I couldn't know how much it would be, so I fixed a good price, and this is what you get back."

The strangest characteristic of Carnival in Rio is that people enjoy themselves. In Rio the people put on their own show and provide their own spirit of fun—all the planning of the authorities is concentrated on giving the greatest possible freedom to the crowds, and handling the traffic and the necessary services of the city in the way least calculated to interfere with them.

Another curious thing is that nobody has ever succeeded in describing Carnival, although hundreds have tried in all languages. After living through it once you realize for the first time that although these people had seen the Carnival they were frustrated when they tried to paint a word picture of what they had seen.

The strange thing is that none of the writers seem to realize that Carnival is not nearly so much what they saw as what they felt; a feeling which enables 2 million people to be turned loose in the streets for four days and nights with little or no restraint.

There is one other thing that gives dash to the Carnival of Rio in contrast to the lugubrious efforts of other places: the Carnival songs, Negro-written.

Each year a costume is adopted by the crowd. One year they are sailors, another apaches; and remember that everybody is in costume. There are nonconformists who come out as devils or fat men with red noses and top hats, or red Indians, or unorthodox and tropical Highlanders; but in the sailor year you see sailors everywhere: Brazilian sailors, English, American and French sailors, girls in fancy sailor rig, red or sky-blue, white or black.

When we came to Rio, all proposals for seeing Carnival were courteously but firmly vetoed; we would stay in the relative quiet of our mountain retreat and escape the depressing sight of bored humanity trying to persuade itself it was having a good time.

But on the first day of Carnival came an invitation, more a plea than an invitation, that could hardly be declined without discourtesy; so we promised to make a brief appearance.

The house was packed with dancers—none of your gloomy, vacant dancers of our ballrooms, but people dancing and laughing and singing the words of the Carnival songs with a spontaneity which gave the impression that they were improvising the words as they danced.

Shouldering our way through the crowd we greeted our hostess, asking where all these friends had come from. She answered laughingly that she did not know half of the people

in the house. Nobody was refused admission. Gate crashers were welcome, but by their looks and behavior they might all have been invited.

They turned and pirouetted, singing with obvious enjoyment. Suddenly, as though at a signal, four people joined arms, then six, then eight, and then it turned into a lockstep, the hands of each on the shoulders of the one in front—the *corcão*—until the whole room dissolved into a long, twisting line of people, only to melt away again into single couples.

After an hour or two of this, instead of going home we decided to drive downtown to see the crowd. The streets were filled with open cars, overflowing with people, ten or 15 clustered on a single car like bunches of grapes, four or five seated on the back, and the others standing on the steps, all in costume. One car was filled with people in black costumes, another in red, another in white, all singing as if they had not a care in the world. In the Praia do Flamengo, near the Gloria hotel, there was a traffic jam. A car ahead of us was filled with pretty girls in dark red dresses, skirts to their ankles, three of them with guitars and the rest with castanets. Seeing we were foreigners, one of them called out to ask if we were enjoying ourselves, and being assured that we were, said they would dance for us. A dozen of them tumbled out into the street and danced

with perfect grace and ease, singing one of the Carnival melodies to the accompaniment of the guitars. When the traffic moved forward again, they scrambled back into the car and drove away laughing and waving.

Farther along there were great platforms built in the broad streets, bands playing and people dancing.

Coming to the end of the Avenida Rio Branco, the traffic was turned aside, as the crowds were so dense no car could have passed. And here, as in the ballroom, dancing was going on, thousands of people, groups that did not mix, but laughed as they passed.

The last evening we went to the Praça Onze, in the Negro quarter. There Carnival is a serious business, and months of work and the savings of the year are spent in preparation. There the equivalent of carnival clubs are known as *ranchos*, and these seek to surpass each other in their productions. They parade seriously from dark to dawn. The crowd keeps to the curb and watches in respectful silence punctuated with applause.

But the applause is always loudest for the Bahianas, the Negresses from Bahia; the more ample their proportions the greater their success. Dressed in billowing skirts, with gaudy kerchiefs, many strings of colored beads and bandana turbans, they advance slowly and sedately on their bare feet or heelless slippers with all the maj-

esty of a battleship, acknowledging graciously but with reserve the plaudits of the crowd.

The crowd was dense and it was hard to keep groups from being separated. Suddenly, we missed one of the ladies, young and tall and good-looking. After a time the solid wall of the crowd opened and she stepped out, escorted by several smiling Negroes, to rejoin us. She said she had

suddenly realized she was lost in a dense crowd of Negroes. One came up to her, took off his hat and told her he would show her where her friends had gone. He and another cleared a way through the mob, all smiling and friendly, and delivered her safely, then bowed and melted into the crowd. Her only comment was, "They would not be that courteous in my own country."



Hugh Gibson

Scholar-diplomat, Hugh Gibson is a native son of California's City of the Angels where he was born in 1883. His excellent education culminated in his graduation at the *École Libre des Sciences Politiques* in Paris, 1907. He holds doctor's degrees from the universities of Yale, Louvain and Pomona and the University of Brussels. After finishing his school work in Paris, he was not long in finding his place in the world of affairs. His diplomatic experience began in Honduras in 1908 and since that year he has brilliantly served the State Department in England, France and Austria. He was ambassador to Belgium and later went to Brazil in the same capacity. His diplomatic talents were by no means confined to run-of-the-mill work in embassies. He has served his country well at disarmament conferences and on relief commissions, and was the American delegate at the Chaco peace conference in Buenos Aires in 1935. His two books, *Rio* (1937) and *Belgium* (1939), reveal the urbanity and charm of his personality.

Improve Yourself

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Condensed from a pamphlet*

Uncorking the best you have

A man of character is one who directs his life according to principles. In contrast with the man who acts on motives of expediency, the man of character acts only on principle. The former is changeable like the weather vane. The latter is constant and dependable.

We use the term *principle* in the sense of an ethical and moral standard. The Christian martyr acts on the principle of unwavering loyalty to Christ, even though that loyalty cost him his life. The opportunist, acting on expediency, would escape death by yielding.

Character is an *inner* quality by means of which a man steadfastly adheres to ethical principles no matter how great the pressure exerted to force him from his course.

Habit is the disposition whereby one performs an action more readily. We form habits not only of action but of thought. The methods we pursue, the criteria we employ in solving a problem, become ingrained habits of thought which have as their neurological counterparts deep-dug channels which are traversed most easily.

The first six years of a child's life are supremely important for laying the foundation of character. It is dur-

ing these impressionable years that habits are formed with the greatest ease.

At an early age the child should be trained to keep his belongings in order. By the time he has reached four, he should be able to dress himself and perform all the essentials of his own toilet.

"As children grow older," observes Dr. Alexis Carrel, the top-ranking medical scientist of our day, "they must be taught to accept heavier responsibilities. Do not hire a glazier to set the pane of glass broken by your 10-year-old son. Require him to buy the glass and set it himself. Teach him to make his own kite instead of buying one for him. Your 12-year-old daughter will feel a glow of achievement after being entrusted with the preparation of an entire meal."

Will Rogers once remarked, "What the younger generation needs is to chop more kindling wood and to cultivate a few inhibitions."

The age below 20 is vital in the formation of moral habits. The youth who has made it habitual to overcome temptations against the moral law will enter manhood fortified to resist the assaults maturity inevitably brings.

Here are several important rules,

*Character Formation. 1941. The Paulist Press, New York City. 64 pages, 10c.

based upon the findings of modern psychology, for the formation of habit.

Launch yourself upon the new practice with vigorous, determined initiative. As every beginning is difficult, it is of crucial importance that the initial effort be made with enough strength to carry it to success.

For several years St. Augustine, chained to his lustful habits, had uttered the all too human aspiration, "O God, grant me chastity, *but not yet.*" Through no such halfhearted velleities could Augustine break the manacles which bound him. Finally, the thought of "the youths and maidens of every age and race" who had elected continence spurred Augustine to ask, "What these have done, may not I also do?"

Continue this initiative and don't allow failures to discourage you. Effort, despite an occasional defeat, is accumulative and will eventually triumph. Every athlete, every student, every business and professional man who has tasted even a measure of success knows how essential is that tenacity of purpose which holds one steadfast over the laps which stretch out between starter's gun and final goal.

The holder of the world's record for the two-mile is Greg Rice of Notre Dame. Despite his short stature, five feet, three inches, which puts him at such a disadvantage with tall runners, he has outdistanced every competitor

over the two-mile course during the past year. When this writer asked him what factor he regarded as the most important, he answered, "The ability to uncork a burst of speed at the end."

Never allow an exception to your resolution. Each slip is like letting fall from your fingers a ball of twine which you are rolling up. A single slip undoes far more than a dozen turns. The secret of success in conditioning the nervous system is not to double-cross it with a single relapse.

The importance of guarding against an exception will be in proportion to the violence and the imperiousness of the passion to be conquered. If it has long held a dominance, then it becomes doubly important to spurn compromise and declare war to the finish. Deeply grooved in the nervous system, the passion can be dislodged from its tyrannical throne only by unconditional stick-to-it-iveness. Every slip dissipates the effort to resist, and engenders a sense of hopelessness in prolonging the struggle.

The question of tapering off in curing such habits as drinking and smoking might be raised here. In general, the weight of expert testimony is in favor of the immediate acquisition of a new habit, *if there be a real possibility of carrying it out.* Caution must be exercised that the will is not assigned so stiff a job as to ensure its defeat at the very outset. Such is likely to breed

discouragement and despair. But if one can "take" it, then it is better to undergo the brief period of suffering which is the almost inevitable result of the abrupt severance of an habitual indulgence.

Grasp the first opportunity to translate your resolve into action. Utilize every emotional prompting along the line of the habit you wish to form. The psychological basis of this rule is the fact that the neural paths of habit are grooved not by making resolves or aspirations but by making those resolves produce *motor effects*, by reducing the aspiration to action. No amount of mere resolving will suffice to form a habit—save the habit of empty resolves. These are but blocks for infernal pavement.

Careful, wholehearted effort must be put into the work of forming a habit. Slovenly, slipshod, indifferent work, whether it be in reading, memorizing, learning to play golf or the piano, is next to useless.

Tell your friends about your resolution. This summons re-enforcements in the form of shame, social respect and honor which are pulled into play by the consciousness that others are watching your results. Powerful indeed is the pressure exerted by public opinion. While intangible, it is generally more influential than concrete rewards or punishments.

If a person has determined to abstain from intoxicating liquor, let him

tell his friends of his resolve. He will find that the desire for their respect for his plighted word will shame him from going into a tavern or taking other steps tantamount to a public confession of his failure.

Start with little things rather than with big ones. Since the influence of the initial success or failure is enormous, it is important to engender the necessary confidence by tackling something which is within reach of achievement. The toper who wishes to acquire the habit of sobriety might well start with an abstinence pledge for a week or a month. If he starts with a pledge for life, the prospect might become too formidable for endurance and nip his resolution in the bud. A young man resolving to become a musician might well begin practicing an hour a day, rather than plunging into a lengthy practice too irksome to maintain.

Make the practice of the habit as pleasant as possible and the failure to practice it as unpleasant as you can. Underlying this rule is the psychological fact that we tend to repeat an action fraught with pleasure and to shrink from one which brings pain. Persons who quit smoking often chew gum instead. When the urge becomes pressing, they can find relief in that fashion.

Keep the faculty of effort alive by a little gratuitous exercise every day. This last rule, formulated by William

James, may be said to be the most basic of all. It is interesting to see a distinguished psychologist reach by purely scientific procedure the same conclusion which moralists have long emphasized on ascetical grounds. This rule counsels one to do more than is required, to walk the second mile in gratuitous service, to undertake little deeds of mortification each day in order that the will may maintain its strength.

"Do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test," says James.

Sounding a similar note, Dr. Carrel has recently warned that the youth of America is getting soft and flabby from the lack of discipline, hardships, and self-denial.

"Everything," he writes, "has been too easy for most of us. All life has aspired to the condition of an English week end: a Thursday-to-Monday holiday of minimum effort and maximum pleasure. Amusement has been our national cry, 'a good time' our chief concern. The perfect life, as viewed by the average youth or adult, is a round of ease or entertainment, of motion pictures, radio programs, parties, alcoholic and sexual excess. This indolent and undisciplined way of life has sapped our individual vigor, imperiled our democratic form of

government. Our race pitifully needs new supplies of discipline, morality and intelligence. Strange to say, democracies have made no consistent effort to inculcate these qualities in their citizens. Although vast social betterment schemes have been projected, we have forgotten that these ultimately depend for their vitality upon the individual citizen. 'You cannot carve rotten wood,' says the Chinese proverb. Nor can you carve decayed character into the durable underpinnings of a better race.

"I know a man who hands over his car keys every week end to his next-door neighbor. During that period, he does all his errands on foot, avoiding highways as much as possible, tramping across fields and over a rough terrain. He conditions himself by staying outdoors in all weather. We all need more sun, wind and weather as tonic for the body. Exposure whips up effort in sweat glands, lungs, circulatory system. This effort is quickly translated into health and energy. Life leaps like a geyser for those who drill through the rock of inertia. Yet all around us we see persons who prefer idleness or petty diversion to the stern challenge that calls for disciplined efforts. The push-over job, the unearned meal, the easy choice, are tempting too many Americans down the soft decline."

Here we have an interesting illustration of science unravelling the fac-

tual evidence for the great spiritual truths which Christianity has long proclaimed. Nineteen centuries before William James formulated this psychological law and Dr. Carrel confirmed it, Christ had declared: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." St. Paul, too, long ago pointed out the necessity of mortification for the curbing of the rebellious nature of man: "For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against

the flesh; for these are contrary one to another, so that you do not the things that you would. And they that are Christ's, have crucified their flesh, with the vices and concupiscences."

Only by deeds of daily self-denial can the unruly flesh be brought into subjection. "He who best knows how to endure," asserts *The Imitation of Christ*, "will possess the greater peace. Such a one is conqueror of himself and lord of the world, the friend of Christ and an heir of heaven."



Calling All Clubs!

Want to do something to win the war? Your club can't man a machine gun, launch a torpedo, or pilot a P-42. But it can provide mental ammunition for the parish boys in the armed forces.

Some Catholic societies had a brain wave about how to do so. They raised \$2 for each service man from their parish. This money furnished a year's subscription to the CATHOLIC DIGEST. Do the boys like the idea? One letter will demonstrate how much this three-star idea is appreciated:

"I must say that you can never imagine how much enjoyment and enlightenment we Catholics here at Kessler Field get from your magazines. In my mind there is no better builder of morale among our boys in the service than good reading, and I am sure I am speaking for all the boys in the service when I say that the CATHOLIC DIGEST tops them all."

We have reduced the subscription price for service men $33\frac{1}{3}\%$ —from \$3 per year to \$2. And we will guarantee to get the magazine to him *wherever he goes*.

Pastors and people, KEEP THEM FLYING—KEEP THEM CATHOLIC!

Write Father Jennings (business manager of the CATHOLIC DIGEST) for details of the plan.

Youth Gets a Break

By GLENN YERK WILLIAMSON

Play and good principles

Condensed from the *Catholic Home Journal**

When vice-infested Kansas City, Mo., struck out in 1940 to wipe her slate clean of rotten politics, she demanded an administration run strictly on business principles.

She got it. So efficient is John B. Gage, the mayor, that juvenile delinquency has fallen 80%. The trick was turned, not by hocus-pocus, but by increasing the number of supervised playgrounds at the very time that economies in government were being effected.

"Give youth a place to play and a chance to build its mental and physical muscles and you've whipped the problem of delinquency. "This is the conviction of the delighted municipal authorities. They know what they're talking about, for they're watching the simple formula bring results.

Youth isn't inherently bad; it wants to "go straight"; subconsciously it seeks a hero after whom it can pattern its life, and, afforded the opportunity to better itself, it will grasp the straw of hope as eagerly as a drowning person clutches a piece of flotsam.

"Why, then," many ask, "has youth been neglected?" The most widely accepted explanation is that our knowledge of child psychology hasn't been

put to work; that men and women don't know how to begin. However, thanks to courageous visionaries like Father Flanagan, the famous priest who has put wandering boys to work building a self-governing "town" in Nebraska, other men, "boys grown tall," are doing much to educate the public.

One of these is the Olneyville Boys' Club. Olneyville is neither city nor town. It's a busy mill community that reposes in the shadow of near-by Providence, R. I. For several years, with clocklike regularity, this unpretentious club has produced some of our greatest swimmers. In Tokyo, Warsaw, Berlin, Tel Aviv, lads from Olneyville, who usually represent nearly one-quarter of the team, have demonstrated what youth is capable of if given a chance.

Originally, Olneyville was a hotbed of juvenile delinquency. Windows were always being broken and pilfering was reaching alarming proportions. The social-minded individuals of the harassed community decided to organize a boys' club. They considered it nothing more than an experiment, one that might prove costly as well as futile.

Chester Braman, owner of the large-

*4121 Harewood Rd., Brookland, Washington, D. C. February, 1942.

est mill, provided a swimming pool. Other citizens got together and provided a building. The next step was to hire a club leader, and the choice fell upon 22-year-old Tommy Tisdell, who knew boys intimately.

"It's going to be a tough spot for you!" he was warned.

Tisdell smiled. "Leave that to me, gentlemen!" He had it all figured out: the best battle tactics to employ, and where and when to employ them. It didn't take very long for word to get around that Tisdell was the "right guy."

Boys (and girls) began flocking to the club, *voluntarily*. Crime maps in the social office grew brighter day by day. A mill owner came to Tisdell with a check for \$100.

"I've saved this much on broken windows!" he beamed.

About the time that Tisdell began hauling out his big guns for an all-out attack on the remaining citadels of crime, there came to Olneyville a chap by the name of Joe Watemough. He wanted a job in just such a club as Tisdell was building: a place where he could teach boxing and swimming. He finally landed the position and, under his guidance, the lads of Olneyville—and the girls, too—developed into crack swimmers. Winning records soon became the rule.

"If a boy is smoking or keeping late hours, nothing works quite so well as pitting him against a strong

competitor," Joe theorizes. "A few defeats and he's ready to get back to training rules."

"The swimming is just incidental," Joe modestly points out. "The important thing is that we're getting the boys off barren streets and out of alleys, and teaching them to be good sports." What tickles him is the fact that, according to impartial police records, delinquency in that area has dropped more than 70% since the Boys' Club started.

Another example, an exceptionally good one, is the Union League Foundation for Boys' Clubs, an organization composed of Chicago businessmen who, while hardheaded in dollar-chasing avenues of commerce, are softhearted in their dealings with youth. Over a period of 20 years or so they've spent, if you wish to use the term, nearly \$2 million on 30,000 boys, and the returns from this "investment" run approximately 1,000%. They say it's a bigger bargain than anything in stocks and bonds, and they base their conclusions on incontrovertible statistics.

Shortly after the end of the first World War, there flourished in Chicago a resort called the Bucket of Blood. It was so tough that police hated to visit it. They went there only in squads! Naturally, such a notorious spot was bound to have a blighting effect on the youth of the neighboring tenements.

The Union League believed that in addition to its patriotic work it should, while precious time was still left, shoulder the responsibility of eliminating the Bucket.

One member, bold to the nth degree, suggested that the league buy the place "lock, stock and barrel" and turn it into a boys' club. The idea clicked, and in no time at all \$100,000 was subscribed.

Right off the bat three vital things were done: the dark gambling quarters of the "den of iniquity" became gamerooms and classrooms; the dance hall was equipped as a gymnasium; the saloon was made into a library of 2,000 books.

Results were electrifying. Urchins, used to slugging in the arena of lawless street fighting, found themselves obeying rules made especially for the more manly and scientific art of boxing. They were beginning the same way Tunney and Dempsey had begun. And they loved it!

The Leavitt Street gang, made up principally of embryonic gangsters so tough that their spit bounced, became the dignified Websterian Club that pursued such altruistic undertakings as planning projects for community betterment. Police officials could hardly believe what was taking place.

"We've found a solution to the crime problem!" the Union Leaguers exulted. "We're going to expand!"

And expand they did. A fine lake

site in Wisconsin was purchased and a model summer camp, with grass and flowers and trees, was built. As was expected, the idea brought results.

"Where do we go from here?" was the question that next arose. No man with the love of adventure strong in his blood would want to rest on his laurels after an accomplishment such as that summer-camp project.

A delegation visited the chief of police with the avowed purpose of learning where Chicago's worst district lay. "All right, chief. You have shown us the spot and now we will show you something!"

Within a year that district softened under the impact of a new three-story building replete with gymnasium, swimming pool, and all the other facilities that \$160,000 could buy. Today 2,500 boys, filled with enthusiasm and encouragement, pour through the broad, friendly doors. This place, they tell you almost reverently, is better than home. They toast their shins before a crackling fireplace, sit in comfortable chairs, read under eye-saving lamps, walk on soft rugs, and gaze at inspiring pictures on the walls.

Not long ago Father Flanagan inspected the edifice. He was deeply moved as he studied the happy faces of youngsters who represented 20 different nationalities, and he told a group of adults who accompanied him on the tour of inspection, "Scatter boys' clubs like this through our cities,

and you'll find our prisons half empty inside of a few years!"

Herbert Hoover, chairman of the board of the Boys' Clubs of America, has told us that "out of 17 million boys in the nation, there are some 3 million who have to spend their outdoor lives upon the pavements of the congested areas of our big cities. Ac-

cording to recent figures, only 300,000 of these drifting youngsters are being cared for.

The experiment in Chicago can be duplicated in other cities where civic pride is at the helm. To men who claim they haven't time to devote to needy youth, there is only one rejoinder: "Create time!"



Courtesy

The Pope began the conversation in French.

"You are an English doctor. You have a guild of Catholic doctors in England. It is not so?"

Being expected to speak I answered, "*Oui, mon Pere.*"

"Good," said the Pope. "And the guild publishes a journal, the *Catholic Medical Guardian*, which I sometimes read with interest."

He paused and continued, "A few years ago you fought birth control in England. It is not so?"

"*Oui, mon Pere.*"

"We followed that case with interest, and for you it must have been an anxious time."

At this point I intended to tell him that I could have done nothing about birth control without the support of Cardinal Bourne, but what I actually said in French was, "Anything I did about birth control was in spite of Cardinal Bourne."

This information so surprised His Holiness that he turned to his chamberlain and exclaimed, "*Si, si, si, si*, Cardinal Bourne." From the face of the chamberlain I knew they were both smiling. Then the Pope turned and merely said, "Now we will speak English."

From *Time to Keep* by Halliday Sutherland (Morrow, 1934).

Inroads of the Bourgeois Spirit

By H. A. REINHOLD

It listeth and nothing blows

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

The 19th century has been called the "bourgeois century." In Marxian terminology a bourgeois is a member of the present ruling class. However, this term has been adopted by Christian writers and has been filled with new meaning.

The bourgeois is a person with a negative prefix. In the sphere of morality it is the person who puts respectability above a genuine integration of Christ's principles, and natural moral law into his personality. The bourgeois is the unheroic man who scorns the extraordinary ways of Christianity as being the extravagant way of fools. Sociologically the bourgeois has a middle-class mind, whether he belongs to the highest or lowest-income group. Civic respectability, keeping up with the rest, is his characteristic mark. A bourgeois is a surface man who is more concerned about the conventions of polite life than genuineness. The bourgeois is uncreative and suspects genius as dangerously disturbing. The bourgeois wants safety in every field—financial, political, social and moral. His greatest delight is mediocrity and respectability. The bourgeois' father is puritanism and his mother is the acquisitive spirit gradually unleashed and enthroned in the period of transi-

tion from the 13th to the 16th century.

Only in one field does the bourgeois show a sort of heroism, in the field of his economic endeavor, which is an unspiritual and thoroughly secular sphere of life. The bourgeois is a person adoring the means and ignoring the end, being concerned about a smooth life and disinterested in a true life, confounding good manners and virtue.

This bourgeois spirit has thoroughly conquered Protestantism. But don't let us mislead ourselves; it has vastly conquered our own Church, affecting the minds of clergy and religious as well as the laity. Great saints have rebelled against it: St. Francis of Assisi, St. Ignatius, St. Clement Hofbauer, St. John Vianney. Others have tried to find a compromise. St. Francis of Sales and St. Thérèse of Lisieux, although themselves most heroically unbourgeois, tried to help others to be children of their period and saints at the same time.

You can easily find documentation of the bourgeois inroads on Catholic spirit. Often it is only a straw in the wind, but it shows where the wind blows. All this is a wonderful proof of the divinity of the Church, which

*386 4th Ave., New York City. Feb. 27, 1942.

is the Body of Christ and has for its soul the fiery Spirit of Pentecost. If the Church as such survived the chilling breeze of bourgeois mediocrity and unheroic respectability, it will certainly conquer the crass materialism of nazism and the distorted heroism of communism with its cast-iron pattern for social justice.

Before we try to uncover our bourgeois attitude in the field of literature, let us review other fields, the arts, for instance. Three hundred years longer than the heretics did the Catholic Church resist the bourgeois spirit. But then it happened. Is there anything more drab and uncreative than a 19th-century church building? It is either a replica, or an imitation, or a substitute. And when it is genuine, it is bloodless, timid, respectable, unheroic and puritan. Take a trip through Europe or the East of this country to see the imitations of churches of the 5th, 11th, 13th, 16th and 18th centuries, all built by a timid, undaring, sterile generation of imitators longing for the better past and fearing the future. The future is insecure, and insecurity is a terrible thing for a bourgeois. He can insure his teeth, his eyeglasses and his offspring against almost everything but historical changes. Therefore he fears and hates them.

If it is not an imitation, it will be a substitute in the bourgeois spirit, like a cheap, plaster statue for religious use. Now even 5c-and-10c stores

sell rosaries, machine-made crucifixes, pictures and statues. Since religion has been banned secretly and by unadmitted conspiracy from the realm of reason, where it might clash with science and cause perilous situations as doubts, we—not the Church, thank God—but we average clergy and laity have relegated it to the realm of emotion and morality. Canon law, dogma and liturgy seem to be the only firm dikes which stem this ghastly, murky flood. But to the bourgeois these three are mere distant beacons in the dark, preventing shipwreck. Not by any means are they the atmosphere he breathes continuously, because they are strong, dangerous, heroic things demanding sacrifice and surrender.

Some point out that at no time were Catholics so disciplined as now. But they see in Canon law almost a modern version of the Gospel, and they confound morals with religion. Moralism is watered-down religion, pragmatism, belief in action without the fertile soil of being in which it should flourish. Discipline goes well with mental sterility and laziness. Is there anything more disciplined than the nazi and communist parties? The Christian virtue of obedience may result in discipline, but it does not start with it. There were saints who were obedient, but not disciplined. Father Chisholm in *The Keys of the Kingdom* is an illustration of what I mean.

In the field of literature we find the

same bourgeois, negative attitude, the same timidity.

When the great Norwegian writer, Sigrid Undset, won the Nobel Prize a dozen years ago and when we Catholics found out that she had won it with a novel with a decidedly Catholic subject, medieval at that, we began to read her book, *Kristin Lavransdatter*. But what a shock we received! What an outcry we had in the Old Country! Why, this newcomer in the Church had described sin in her novel! She had described priests in it who were weak and sinful. She depicted a scene of seduction. Her language was crass and crude. She dealt with adultery, murder and deception. She showed that the Middle Ages had faith but they also had unrest, rebellion, doubt, sin, ecclesiastical and secular corruption.

This was a general reaction of the respectable majority of Catholics. The fact that a Catholic writer and a recent convert was acclaimed as Norway's great writer was gladly accepted by her fellow Catholics, yet with certain misgivings.

A strange phenomenon! Around 1900 a courageous layman, Karl Muth, founded abroad a magazine for intellectual Catholics in which he has been fighting ever since for a liberation of the Catholic mind from its "ghetto spirit." He has only partly succeeded. In France the literary revival has accomplished the task of destroying a

merely defensive, negative and apologetic attitude of Catholics in their literary and cultural effort. But on the whole the old attitude still prevails. Peter Wust said 15 years ago that Catholics had left their ghetto and returned to the open country as full-fledged citizens. Roman Guardini almost 20 years ago coined the phrase that Catholics felt an awakening of the Church in their souls. The liturgical movement, together with the patristic and Thomistic renaissance, have started a drastic, healthy change in us. Some literature and art being produced display a new and richer Catholic life, but the masses have not yet been influenced greatly.

Is it not significant that writers like Kate O'Brien and Graham Greene are hardly known among Catholics, while *The Keys of the Kingdom* and other inferior books become best sellers?

It looks like we cannot bear realism. Is St. Paul's statement that there are things which should not even be mentioned among Christians the key to our attitude? Or is it the deep love of the Church that we want spared and treated with reverence? Or is it a mentality which arises out of the state of siege through which our Church has lived for so many centuries? Catholicism has been the target of many vile attacks. Suspicion surrounds us on all sides. We are on the defensive. We are concerned with the picture we offer the world as a united, well dis-

ciplined, well administered, powerful body, a pressure group for nobler and better things. We do not want to take a place alongside political machines, racketeer unions and rotten business. We are an ancient family of high traditions with long history. We want to keep our shield of honor clean.

Our negative reaction in art and literature is based on our conviction that we are a sort of elite in mankind. Along with that we have a defiant pride which comes from an inferiority complex: "Let us hush over things that don't look all right." Compare a real saint with his plaster image and you can see it clearly.

A pious lady once showed me a chapel which had been decorated by a painter who had not a spark of genius. When I pointed out to her that it was not only a waste of time, money and paint, she answered that the painter and his sponsors had meant well. They had the purest intentions.

I doubt even that. It might be easy to analyze their real intentions and see a rather ugly conglomeration of motives. Those things are not only a waste, but a danger, because they are contagious and carry the germ from man to man, from generation to generation. Good intentions are excuses in the field of morals, never in the field of art.

The positive attitude to which we have to return, therefore, consists in

shedding our bourgeois attitude. Men like Eric Gill, and I mean the unpurged one, lead the way. He, to use a bit of slang, bent over backwards to debunk puritan stuffiness in the arts; sex life, human relations, economics and politics. He would not be polite nor observe a convention unless it was an outcome of honesty and Christian virtue. What some of his critics have deemed to be coarseness and an obsession with sex was a reaction against Catholic Victorianism and dishonest prudishness. He intended to administer the shock treatment his fellow Catholics needed to "snap them out" of their bourgeois attitude before it was too late. Being human, he had his limits and distortions. Being great and Christian with his childlike simplicity and his pureness of intention coupled with talent and genius, he has shown us how we can again be ourselves: Christian, Catholic and human. Our liturgy points towards this goal: the whole person, the whole of society, all human relations, all human activities are comprised in this process of consecration. Therefore our literature has the duty to embrace them all with simplicity, honesty, totality and truthfulness.

Karl Adam has given us a simple formula for the man Catholic: it is he who is open toward all good, who is thoroughly positive, affirmative, large minded, wide open: the opposite of the petty bourgeois.

How to Dodge a Cold—or Lick One

By LOIS MATTOX MILLER

Kissing can wait

Condensed from *Better Homes & Gardens**

Throughout the U. S. millions are sniffing, sneezing, coughing, blowing noses: miserable victims of the seemingly inescapable common cold. Why, they ask, do people have colds? What is the best way to "cure" one?

Millions more, fortunately free of colds at the moment, are only too eager to supply the answers:

"What you need is a good stiff drink!"

"Try hot mustard foot baths!"

"Take a dose of castor oil!"

"A cold shower every morning will build up your resistance!"

"In the old days, people took snuff, and they didn't catch colds!"

To these, and the hundreds of other "sure cures" and "preventives" offered for the common cold, the doctors reply, "Rubbish!" At best, certain products alleviate the discomfort to some degree. But the plain facts of the matter are these: there is no sure preventive for the common cold; and there is only one dependable treatment for it: go to bed and stay there until you're well!

People in the northern states and the crowded metropolitan cities blame the climate and the intemperate weather, never realizing that their fellow citizens in the balmy South are also

sniffing and sneezing and being put to bed with their average share of the ubiquitous common cold. Adding up workdays lost, doctor bills, and the money expended on a wide variety of drugs and medication, this annual nuisance and health hazard costs the American people between \$2 and \$3 billion every year.

Doctors have been struggling valiantly for years to solve the mysteries of the common cold, and have found it one of the most elusive and annoying problems known to medical science. Today, although they are by no means ready to hand you a pill and tell you that your troubles are over, they can provide enough concrete information to deprive the cold problem of most of its mystery, dangers, and annoyance.

Doctors had to learn the facts about colds the hard way. For instance, over 50 years ago they began to suspect that overexposure and chilling of the body had considerably less to do with causing colds than was believed generally. Some scientific investigators deliberately courted colds by soaking themselves in hot tub baths and then standing naked in cold drafts, and exposing themselves to zero weather while wearing garments wringing wet

*1714 Locust St., Des Moines, Iowa. March, 1942.

with ice water. When, as frequently happened, they survived such ordeals without catching colds, they began to wonder why.

Deep in the Antarctic, Sir Ernest Shackleton and his men had gone for months without a single cold. Then one day they hauled out bales of clothing that had been packed in London. Within 24 hours the entire company was battling a cold epidemic.

This incident induced two Johns Hopkins scientists to investigate the phenomenon scientifically. They organized an expedition and headed for Spitzbergen, halfway between Norway and the North Pole. In Longyear City they found an ideal community for their experiment. Its 507 inhabitants lived in crowded, overheated barracks, and the men traveled daily through subzero weather to work in the chill, dank coal mines. All winter long, the doctors watched over the community. Not a person showed any sign of a cold.

In May, when the weather broke, a supply ship arrived from Norway. The doctors went aboard and examined the crew and passengers before allowing anyone to land. There were no cases of cold aboard—except one seaman who was just beginning to sniffle. Within a week all passengers and members of the crew had colds, and 84 of the regular inhabitants were sneezing and running at the nose. Two months later the epidemic of

colds had hit 90% of the population of Longyear City!

The doctors decided that low temperatures and inclement weather may lower one's resistance—which is probably why we have most of our colds during the winter season; but you won't catch cold unless you catch the "cold bug"! Shackleton's men never dreamed that the common cold was lurking in their midst as a stowaway from London.

More than any other members of its insidious family, the virus of the common cold gets around! Someone has a mild, annoying head cold. He sneezes. If you're in the vicinity you may turn your head, or cover your nose, or merely give the unfortunate but offensive person an icy stare. But the harm is done. What your eye cannot see (although the phenomenon has been photographed only recently with special equipment) is the great cloud of tiny droplets which has been sneezed into the air. And on these invisible droplets ride the viruses of the common cold, avidly seeking new noses to conquer.

They're extremely difficult to avoid. Quite aside from spraying the atmosphere with highly infectious viruses at every breath or sneeze, people with colds still handle doorknobs, shake hands, and (to the doctor's utter horror) they persist in kissing or being kissed. They also use the same cups, glasses, plates, and eating utensils that

will be used later by others, at home or in restaurants—and only the most thorough washing will kill off the cold carriers.

Thus you've caught your cold. The viruses begin their assault upon the mucous membranes in your upper respiratory tract, which produces the familiar symptoms of nasal stuffiness, watery discharge, and the irritation which causes sneezing. At this point, it is nothing more than a mild and passing annoyance; much more of a menace to others, through your sneezing or coughing, than it is to you. With a reasonable minimum of care, it should disappear in four to six days.

Reasonable care, however, involves considerably more than sniffing an inhaler and gulping down a few aspirin, though these will banish much of the discomfort. Primarily, it means going to bed and staying there until the symptoms of the cold have vanished. Often, in the earliest stage of a cold, a single day's rest in bed will do the trick. A light diet, with plenty of fluids (water, or lemon, orange, or grapefruit juice) will also help. Bed rest, moreover, virtually does away with the danger of passing on your cold to others.

Those cold viruses in your head may be doing more than working toward immediate discomfort. They open the way for lurking "secondary invaders"—the bacteria (and sometimes other viruses) of pneumonia,

bronchitis, laryngitis, influenza, sinusitis. In young children the complications can be even more severe.

Unfortunately, most of us still believe that we should not have colds in the first place; or, when we do catch one, we think that the ideal remedy should be swallowed in pill or capsule form while we are up and about our business. This is just wishful thinking, as hopeless as the bags of asafetida that grandmother used to tie around our necks to "ward off colds," or the hookers of straight whiskey that are still downed by many men as a "sure-fire cold cure."

For the past decade, medical science has been working incessantly to find an effective means of preventing colds, and a more direct, chemical means of treating them when they do occur. The most celebrated of the preventive measures is the cold vaccine, administered orally in tablet or capsule form, or by injection. A great many people have already taken the "cold shots," as they are popularly called; and many of these people are under the impression that such vaccination has caused them to have fewer colds. As a matter of fact, such folks are simply fortunate. Scientifically controlled experiments indicate no such evidence in favor of cold vaccines.

Recently the cold vaccines were put through exhaustive tests at the University of Minnesota by a group of doctors under the direction of Dr. H.

S. Diehl, dean of the medical sciences. Volunteer students were divided, without their knowledge, into two groups: A and B. Group A received the real vaccine, either orally or hypodermically. Group B received only "blanks"—the "vaccine" shot into their arms was nothing but sterile water, and the capsules were filled with sugar. None knew the difference. Each student was ordered to report to the doctors if he developed a cold, and to keep a careful record of any cold that lasted more than 24 hours.

Here's what happened in the course of the year: the students in Group A (who had received the real vaccine) reported that during the preceding year they had an average of 4.7 colds per person. But in the year following vaccination the average number of colds per person dropped to 2.1. Apparently the cold vaccines were a tremendous success. Imagine cutting down the number of common colds by more than half!

You can see now why the cautious doctors wanted that "control" group on hand to check such findings. The students in Group B were no less elated. The "cold shots" were the real McCoy, they announced jubilantly, and they congratulated the nonchalant docs. Despite the fact that they had received no vaccine at all, the students in Group B (who had an average of 4.9 colds each during the preceding year) had 61% fewer colds in the

year which followed their "vaccinations."

However, more encouraging headway is being made along another line: the medical *treatment* of common colds. Because the drugs used—a combination of codeine and papaverine—are both opium derivatives, and therefore must be taken carefully according to a doctor's prescription, this particular remedy cannot be sold freely to the public over the drugstore counter. But at the University of Minnesota, where 1,500 students were given this new preparation for the relief of acute head colds, 72% reported definite improvement or complete relief within 24 or 48 hours.

"While taking this medication most of these students were up and about and attending classes," says Dr. Diehl. "Had they remained in bed while using it, it is probable that even better results might have been obtained."

This new medicinal treatment offers great hope for those inveterate sufferers who seem to have one cold after another all winter long. They should consult their physicians, who will decide whether or not they can take the drugs safely, and in what dosage and over what period of time they may be taken without harm.

For the majority of us, however, the rules are fairly simple. They might be set down thus:

1. Pay no attention to other people's recommended "cold preventives"

and "cold cures." If you have found something to relieve symptoms, use that—but don't expect it to cure your cold.

2. When you have a cold, get into bed, and rest, sleep, or catch up on your reading. Eat lightly, drink lots of fluids—water and fruit juices—but no alcohol. A hot bath before bed is good but not essential.

3. The sooner you get to bed after catching a cold the better, and the less time you will have to spend there.

4. Bed rest is *essential* for any child with a cold, and for any adult who

has any sign of fever or chest congestion.

5. Watch out for your cold on the fourth or fifth day: that's the time of complications. Call a doctor if it persists beyond this point.

6. Try not to give your cold to others. Cover your nose and mouth with a handkerchief when you cough or sneeze (disposable face tissues are safer for you and others). Keep away from the rest of the family, particularly the children, and keep them away from you. And, remember—kissing can wait.



Protest

"Abou ben Adhem, may his tribe increase . . ." No, no, no, no. There was something wrong with Abou ben Adhem, and quite apart from his insupportable self-appraisal, he was wrong, and the author was a liar and a false prophet.

You couldn't profess to love your fellow men and know no more. It was damned impudence to start with—damned Pharisaism too. I give tithes of all I possess; I give alms—see, boys, in short, how I love my fellow men. That was not at all what was meant when it was said: how can you love God whom you have not seen, if you do not love your neighbor whom you have seen? It means that you must *start* by loving God and, in the light of that love, in that light of love—for God *is* love—and as its necessary and inevitable fruit you must love your neighbor. But you must love God first. Otherwise your neighbor love would be a wrong kind of love; it would turn out to be no love at all or simply self-love.

From *Eric Gill: Autobiography* (Devin-Adair, 1941).

Bali

Paradise Lost

By PAUL McGUIRE

Condensed from a book*

I have never quite discovered what our educators want to do unless turn us all into clerks, stenographers, factory hands and readers of *Esquire*. But if it is a fair test that education should leave us with ideas and the capacity to express them, I do not know how we shall compare the Balinese peasant with the drab inhabitants of our suburbs.

To the Balinese, life is packed with meanings. A primrose by the river's brim would never be a simple primrose and nothing more to him. With its spirit his own soul would dwell in whatever communications a man may have with a primrose. And so with the rice and earth, the mountains, fields and waters, even the familiar peg where the householder might hang his hat. He reveres and mingles with this life all round the seasons. In the new leaf and old, at seedtime and at harvest, he shares and celebrates with fruits and flowers and feasts; and, that his thoughts and feelings may have more lasting representation, with his arts: the arts of music, the dance, architecture, carving, drawing, metal work.

He greets his gods joyously. His agriculture is itself an art and conducted according to the canons, for

the spirits of the fields and plants have their own rights. The peasant cooperates with them: and so he tends his fields with the diligent care that makes all cultivated Bali and most of Java like a gentle garden. When his day in the fields is done, he turns, as the medieval European did, to give divinity a local habitation and a name. He works at his temples and shrines as the English villager worked at the parish church and roadside crucifix. Again, like the medieval villager, he develops extraordinary dexterity, and, as he carves, creates. Every Balinese is a carver, for he builds his little shrines in all corners of his fields, by trees, on hillocks, above running streams; and because the stone of Bali is soft he must be constantly renewing them, and endless practice perfects skill and provides for every play of idea and humor. He is quite capable of putting a god on a bicycle, and motor cars appear among saints. About the shrines, he plants gardens and builds altars, and makes festivals, for he can find as many holydays as the 14th century did to sing and dance and play through.

All forms and colors have meanings. The conventional bird is Garuda, the steed of Vishnu; the tortoise bears the

*Westward the Course! 1942. William Morrow & Co., New York City. 434 pp. \$3.75.

earth; the elephant god is good fortune; Nandi the bull is Shiva's mount; the swan is Brahma's bird. Red belongs to Brahma, white to Shiva, black to Vishnu, yellow to Baruna, god of the ocean. All these signs are a familiar language of the Balinese, and in them they write their poems of wood and stone. You can have a deal of fun in trying to read them.

The arts grow in the worship of the gods, for religion represents what men have most deeply thought and felt. That is why an atheistic age so often seems arid and its arts without grace. Old cities raised great churches like Our Lady of Salisbury, Our Lady of Wells; but the modern city is dominated by its insurance houses, banks and cinemas, for these, I suppose, are the things we believe worth celebrating. But I doubt whether even the Temperance and General Assurance Company is likely to feed and flower in the drama, dance and music which grew round the Gothic churches and still flourish in the temples of Bali.

The drama both of shadow plays and human actors is drawn from Hindu cycles and from local legends. Some themes are ritual, some merely entertainment; and the theater, like the dance, is vigorous and alive. A great deal of ribald and topical stuff and local allusion finds its way into the play through the *penasar*, who comment on the doings of the classic characters, like a Greek chorus but much

more freely in every sense. The classic plays are usually in the old literary and priestly tongue of Java, which the people seldom understand, but running comment and improvised dialogue provide the popular stuff.

Both plays and dances require the gamelang, the fascinating orchestra which develops and immeasurably improves the principles and range of the xylophone with percussion instruments of wood and metal, and bronze vessels rather like soup tureens, gongs, drums, suspended tubes, flutes, and rebab, the one or two-stringed viol. The gamelang of the play sets the characters to music, with recurrent motifs, and dramatic description. It has measures of yielding sweetness, and sharp, metallic effects that seem to etch a pattern on the air.

If you wander through the villages, you may hear the gamelang and see a play on almost any night of the year. People celebrate on the slightest provocation or none at all: for a marriage in the family, a birth, a meeting, a successful deal, a return from travel, the building of a house, the bringing in of rice, the birthdays of Queen Wilhelmina or Princess Juliana or Princess Juliana's children, the arrival of a friend. When a gamelang is not performing publicly, it is probably rehearsing in someone's house, and as you hear it at evening through the scented trees, you should pursue it, and climb in under the low door

and sit in the dusk among the men and boys and try your hand. The European has become a passive spectator at his mass entertainments, but the Balinese still makes his own pleasures with exquisite patience, love and art. He is so much more a man.

One afternoon a few months ago, I fell into talk about Balinese art with the director of an admirable museum at Jogjakarta in Java. We wandered into his office and he brought out portfolio after portfolio of drawings. He had something like 5,000 of them. All were good and some superb in fancy, line and color. They had been collected by an art dealer in Bali who passed word among the villages that he would pay 50c or 60c for any drawing he liked; and when the Balinese found that he meant it, hundreds of them cheerfully began to draw. Some used the themes of local carvers. Some represented traditional techniques of different villages. But these hundreds of peasants could outdraw any art school between Kiev and San Diego. Fifteen hundred of the pieces were to go on exhibition in the U. S. I hope they set some local education-alists thinking.

Art, after all, is not just a pretty trick. Work of quality requires ideas, intellectual discipline, patient skills, perseverance and industry, all the benefits we are supposed to have from education. But the village boys in Bali draw better than the professors in our

schools, and their art has more to say though they talk much less about it.

When the Balinese die, they hope to go to heaven. Heaven for them is to return to Bali. That, I suppose, is as convincing a judgment as any people could pass upon the lives they live.

The Balinese, like the rest of us, have some nasty superstitions and dirty tricks. They also have qualities of life that we have lost. Allowing for the gulf between the Christian mind and theirs, you may recall the world reflected in the bright medieval artists, in the miracle plays and in Chaucer, with its feasts, holidays, pilgrimages and popular theater, its light, cheerfulness, piety, broad humor, lustiness, earthiness, shrewdness and the air of well-being that belongs to those who find many things to do and learn to do them well. The man whose life is reduced to mechanical routines, crabbed offices and factories, who spends his days adding up other people's profits and losses, is the discontented, empty, angry man. Can you blame him?

The Javanese must once have been much like the Balinese. They lost half their arts when Islam broke the images. But Bali's peculiar misfortune was to be discovered not by fanatics and fierce adventurers but by dilettantes, art dealers, and the tourist business.

Artists and some who pass as artists introduced the Balinese to pretty western forms. The Balinese have such

skill that they imitate with distressing fluency. Their imitations sell for a few cents to the dealers who traffic in souvenirs from Bali. The litter of cheap imitative stuff is now spread from here to Minneapolis, and endlessly repeated birds and fish and carved heads of dancing girls pour out of Bali as if the place were a mass-production factory. I just saw a fellow who is something in films buy five large wooden heads. You may see whole cases of identical heads being packed across the street for Sydney and New York. The Balinese have entered our money economy, on the bottom rung. They have learned what we will buy. And what we will buy is muck. So those who were goldsmiths, silver-smiths, weavers, dancers, players, sculptors are now hands for hucksters.

Until the war, the place was becoming an international peep show; it drew a Casino-de-Paris sort of audience. With this smut came nastier stuff and some of it settled in comfortable bungalows. The Dutch a while back did some bungalow cleaning, but the perverted dilettantes who cuss at missionaries and despise the patient officers of the empire have done immeasurable damage in a few years. So a boy who can draw like an angel is carving suburban knickknacks, "cheap, so very cheap, sir"—and pandering, for he has discovered what the customer wants.

Many influences work against Euro-

pean prestige in the East, but the most deadly is from the moneyed and perverted idlers. They spread their corruption even where they are despised. Vice-indulging planters and soldiers and sailors are one thing and taken much as a matter of course in the East; languid degenerates are another, and the one item of export we certainly cannot afford if we are to keep our place in the outer world. Let them stick to their own elegant metropolitan styles.

I have been making these notes on the low terrace before the K. P. M. Hotel, drinking a Bols before the late, leisurely Dutch dinner. The people drift endlessly up and down the road as they do throughout the East, with the gentle clip-clip of slippers, and quiet voices. A hundred people are walking within 50 yards but with less noise than the swish of bicycle tires, and from somewhere come the remote sounds of a gamelang tuning, and night birds in distant trees. Across the road, where the hotel has built a theater in the Javanese mode, a broad platform and a roof and open court, a little group of dancers is preparing. They will presently do some bits and pieces from their repertory, a sort of brief anthology for the planeload of people who came in this evening. The gamelang is gathered, half to one side of the stage, half opposite. The girls have on their fantastic, lovely head-dresses and the heavy cloths of pat-

turned gold and red and purple which they wind tightly about them. Their faces are startlingly white with rice powder. The comedians have their comic masks. The slim, half-naked man with the flower behind his ear is the greatest dancer I have ever seen. The whole party has just arrived in a bus.

This evening, before sunset, we drove and walked out among the flooded rice fields where the light falls redly across the channels and terraces and the standing stalks, turns the trees to bronze, the hills to violet, and the idols and temple gates to things seen only in dreams. Processions of women walked leisurely with tall baskets of flowers to deck their gods; who, on festal evenings, are done up in blue-and-white-checked gingham. I do not know anything much more pleasant than Ganesha in a gingham vest. Boys came back from the fields guiding their ducks with long, flagged bamboo poles which, set all day in the wet sawah, will keep the ducks to their own puddle. Chaplets were hung at the crossroads where spirits gather; and there were offerings and tags of cloth for prayers on trees and shrines. Cooks and their customers sat together on haunches about roadside pots and ate off banana leaves and upturned boxes, and the sellers of sweets spread their pink stuff on a plank. Old women went chattering like birds, and old men gathered about the village

gates, people being much the same everywhere. The young men, in their groups, were probably talking of fighting cocks or the arts of love. The girls were talking of the arts of love. They are inclined to giggle together at evening, and they roll their dark eyes.

You will always hear music at dusk, even away among the fields: someone singing in the brave voice of the lungs or the heavy voice of the liver or the light voice come from the gall or the high voice which lies in the dream of Semara, god of love; music in the villages of gambang, flute and rebab. A group of craftsmen came walking together, all fellows of their guild. A man came swinging after them quickly because his load was heavy. He had a shoulder pole and at each end of it a basketed, suspended pig. I remember a young American I once met at the airport here. He was shipping out eggs and turkeys. He had drifted into Bali and thought it an obvious place to produce eggs, as it is, so he sat down and produced them. Out of albino turkeys. Very good eggs, too, for turkeys and albinos.

The light went abruptly, and the world was suddenly dark purple, with little yellow flames in the houses and laughter down the road and running children, and you caught the smell of wet fields and heavy flowers.

Suddenly, from the coast, there was the roar of engines. Odd lights flickered from somewhere towards Koeta.

An old Balinese near by stopped and stared up at the sky, his mouth drooping. He must have remembered the evil day when a prince of Den Pasar burned his palace and he and his relations and retainers, his wives, his children, his nobles and his servants, all in their richest things and jeweled, threw themselves against the Dutch bayonets near the place where the lit-

tle museum and the K. P. M. Hotel now are. The old man understood that war, and the piracy and looting which provoked it. But he did not understand this thing now that came out of the sky. But he or his children will learn, no doubt, as they have learned the tricks of the tourist. Civilization is over Bali, like the hot, foul dust of an eruption.



Wanted: A Lincoln for Baseball

With baseball, like every other activity, riddled by the war, the diamond should lift its color line and encourage the participation of Negro athletes. The Colored are the only race banned from the organized national pastime.

The Negro, in every field of athletic endeavor, has proved that he can measure up to the standards set by his White brother. Neither his sportsmanship nor his ability has been found wanting. The conduct of Joe Louis alone should be sufficient to break down the bars of racial discrimination. Louis, however, is not a solitary torchbearer for the Negro race. John Borican and Ralph Metcalfe in track, Satchell Paige in baseball, and the great collegiate gridgers, Holland of Cornell and Montgomery of Boston College, are but a few of the dark-skinned warriors who have proved beyond any doubt that the Colored deserve their long-denied place beside the representatives of other races in every field of sport.

Because the Negro dollar is acceptable to the box offices of organized baseball, because the Colored man is expected to pay his just share of the nation's taxes, and because the dusky soldier is called on to bear arms in his country's defense, the Colored man should be given equality in the athletic world, in baseball particularly, where democracy is supposed to exist on a far higher plane than it does in political spheres.

The athletic emancipation of the Negro would give new light to the flickering flame of freedom. Democracy and Christianity both preach the doctrine of man's equality, but only the latter has been completely faithful in translating preachment into deed. Where is there a better place to end the discrimination against the Negro than in the democracy of the athletic world? When is there a better time to show that democracy is not decadent, as the Hirohitlers claim, than now? The baseball world is relatively small, but it can make the red, white, and blue shine brighter by giving the Negro a chance to shine in it.

George V. Kelly in the *Register* (8 March '42).

Loss of the Liturgy

By EDWARD S. DORE

Condensed from *Liturgical Arts**

Some Latin is really dead

I studied Latin for six years in a Catholic college under the auspices of one of the great teaching Orders—to whose members I acknowledge an undying debt of gratitude for all they have most generously given me. During those six years the students were given an excellent course in the ancient classics; the course embraced the whole range of classical Latinity. Although the liturgy of the Church is written in Latin and filled with works that on their own plane may be rated as literature of high order, never once was the Latin liturgy presented to the students. It had no place in the curriculum, which was devoted to the pagan classics. But even worse than that, never was the liturgy so much as incidentally mentioned. And my college was only doing what practically every other Catholic college and university in the U. S. was doing at the time. This mental blindness in American Catholic higher education will be hard to understand or condone when Catholic historians of the future attempt to measure and record the times in which we live.

Happily, something has since been done to remedy that deplorable condition. But I doubt if the liturgy has been fully restored to the place of em-

inence it deserves in the curricula of our high schools, academies, colleges, and universities. And let those who have ceased to teach Latin meditate on this: the same utilitarians who first threw out of modern education the whole corpus of classical Latinity, were also the chief proponents in throwing out of education the whole body of religion, and are now engaged in a sequential effort to ruin civilization completely by a final grand-scale application of efficiency divorced from virtue.

What should the curriculum have in it? The classical course in four years can give only samples of the vast corpus of classical Latinity; the liturgical course should give the students an opportunity to study at least the best examples of the Christian classics of prayer. They can be studied in the classroom for their intellectual and doctrinal content and literary form and applied in the chapel and in life as part of the normal communal Catholic worship. Every student who receives a full Latin course in any of our high schools or colleges should have as part of his required reading all the great hymns of the Church, all the great creeds, the greatest of the Psalms in the Vulgate, the Missal, and

*300 Madison Ave., New York City. February, 1942.

some sort of introduction to the Office. The hymns and creeds should be sung. The traditional melodies of the faith should be made part of the musical instruction of the students and thus become the cherished memories of a lifetime. The Missal and the Office should be studied, and then applied—the Missal at daily or weekly Mass, the Office in occasional communal recitation as well as private prayer.

If that form of instruction had been inaugurated in the last generation, what vast progress would have been made in restoring the liturgy to the laity. Catch the teachers while they are still young and all else will follow. Fathers or mothers whose lives have been enriched by such training will see to it that their own children shall not be deprived of their heritage.

Private devotions are all very well in themselves, but unless they are renewed by a continuous contact with the liturgy, they run the danger of becoming unsound or merely sentiment-

tal. Even the prayers of some of the greatest saints are unsuited for use by the faithful at large, especially in communal prayer. They express the individual, sometimes the racial, national, or temperamental attitude of a man or a time, and accordingly create a false consciousness when used by men at large because they don't fit and cannot be honestly made their own. On the contrary, the liturgical prayers of the Church, like all truly great utterances, lift themselves above the narrow boundaries of race and nation, place and climate, above all peculiar idiosyncrasies of narrow taste and temperament. They express with noble simplicity the inherent human need of man for the divine. Through the refining influence of time, these prayers have become the articulate utterance of human nature itself in the presence of God. They have that universality of great literature that reveals them to be not of an age but for all time.



Lesson for Mr. Davies

The logic of some persons is as follows: the Russians are fighting well. The Russians had a purge. Therefore the Russians are fighting well because they had a purge. An equally silly syllogism would be: the Russians are fighting well. The Russians had a famine. Therefore the Russians are fighting well because they had a famine.

From Dawn of Victory by Louis Fischer (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1942).

Life Under a Dictator

By JOSEPHINE QUIRK

Condensed from the *Victorian**

Existence is not life

When I hear Americans crying "dictator" on the most trivial provocation, I am consumed with an insatiable desire to pack them off to Germany or Italy or Russia—and let them live for 24 hours under a real dictator.

Recently a young couple I know started their favorite topic: criticizing the president, the government and the country as a whole. The discussion turned to Hitler. "He'll soon be here!" said the woman. "Oh, well!" agreed her husband, "things couldn't be much worse here—even under him. We've got a dictator here right now."

My patience cracked and I exploded. Forgetting my manners, I told them what I thought of them.

I have made 20 trips to Europe, the first when I was only five, and down through the years since then, I have seen changes there that I didn't think possible. I have seen fine, decent people, who cherished their freedom even as we do, reduced to abject slavery. I have seen intelligent men and women kept in ignorance of what was going on in their own country, not allowed to express their honest opinion on anything relating to their government. I have seen them deprived of the necessities of life, and even of the freedom to think, at least out loud.

In countries noted for the fine training of their youth, I have seen children transformed from well-mannered, respectful boys and girls into brats who respected nobody but the tyrant who inspired this new renaissance of destruction. I have seen fine courageous people reduced to terrified slaves, some even to cowards.

Go with me in spirit to Germany, you who shout dictator, and see what your daily life would be like there. Then compare it with what you are "enduring" here. Let us presume that it is Sunday, that you are a good Catholic, and that you live in the town of Lambrecht. For centuries the most important and beloved place in Lambrecht was the Benedictine Abbey. For generations it has been like a beacon light for you and your ancestors. For centuries your family has gone there to Mass, many of them to daily Mass. The children have been educated there by the good monks and by the nuns in the convent close by.

All is changed now. On this Sunday in 1942, you do not go to Mass at the abbey. *There is no Mass.* A dictator with a lust for power and destruction looked avidly on the abbey's fine fields of wheat and great herds of cattle, resources the monks have

**Lackawanna*, N. Y. March, 1942.

worked centuries to develop. This tyrant decided that the grain and beef would feed the soldiers he was training to conquer the world. So—he confiscated the abbey with all its property and arrested the priests and brothers on charges of “treachery against the Fatherland.”

And tomorrow your children will go to school—not to the convent, but to the nazi school where they will be taught, among other things, that they must *not* obey priests, nuns or Jews. They will be taught that they need not obey their parents if it means performing any act that is contrary to the absolute belief in and submission to the will of the Führer and the Reich.

Suppose your children, who once thought God was the most important factor in their lives, suddenly told you that religion was superstition and that the Führer was the only God Germany needed. I met parents who experienced that shock, for that is what the children are taught in the nazi schools.

I have seen splendid men and women who had contributed much to the culture and progress of Germany reduced to paupers, beaten and abused, stripped of all their rights, forced to wander from place to place seeking refuge—and all because they were Jews. I remember one Catholic merchant who was sent to Camp Dachau, the hellhole of Germany, from which he never returned. His crime? He

dared to help his oldest and best friend, an eminent doctor, who was “purged” by the nazis because he was a Jew.

Suppose that you had just telephoned your doctor to report that your baby was sick. A few minutes later, you are called to the door, not by the doctor but by a Gestapo agent who informs you that you have just committed a crime against the Führer and that he has come to impose the fine. You are bewildered and wonder what you have done. He charges that you neglected to terminate your telephone conversation with “Heil, Hitler!” In your worry about your ailing child you had dared to forget the Führer for a moment.

Perhaps you were talking on the phone and weren’t feeling well. You mentioned to your friend that because of your ailment, you needed certain foods which you were unable to get. Shortly after the conversation, you are visited by the Gestapo. You are fined for criticizing the government—for any expressed dissatisfaction with what the government is providing is criminal. Every telephone in Germany is tapped, every conversation censored. There is no such thing as defending yourself against any charge that involves a slight to the Führer or the Reich.

If you went to market and even suggested that your little boy needed more nourishment or that little Sophie was growing too rapidly and hadn’t

enough essential food, you would be arrested.

Then there is the radio. You might have a fine one—with power to reach around the world. But you would hear only the programs that Hitler wanted you to hear. If you were caught listening to a forbidden program, especially any of the short-wave programs from other countries, you would be arrested and sent to prison. Remember this the next time you get peeved because your favorite comedian isn't up to par, or you are bored with the long commercial.

I remember an experience in Germany which makes me appreciate my radio at home. A classmate of mine was going to sing *Manon* at the Paris Opera House. I was anxious to hear her but had to leave for Germany two days before the performance. She told me it would be broadcast throughout the continent. Arriving at my hotel in Düsseldorf, I engaged a room with a radio. The clerk told me that there were government taxes on the radio: an amusement tax, a luxury tax and a defense tax—all charged to the guest. When it was time for the broadcast, I discovered that the radio was locked. I summoned the clerk who told me the radio was turned on from the radio room as the government reserved the right to censor all programs. There would be another tax for turning it on. I was fed up with the whole thing but since I did want

to hear my friend, I agreed to the extra tax. He turned the thing on. At last! I was really going to hear my friend and the opera. I twisted and turned the dial with no luck. Finally I asked the clerk to get me the Paris Opera House. He informed me that Herr Goering was going to address a youth rally that night, and every radio in Germany must be tuned in to that program. No other broadcasts would be permitted in the Reich.

I confess I am amused when I hear Americans shouting about the small tax on theater tickets. I wonder how they'd feel if they bought a theater ticket, paid government, amusement, luxury and defense taxes; then later paid for a program on which there was another tax. As for the tax on traveling, some of our American commuters would faint at the sight of the list of taxes on a German rail ticket.

Perhaps you think people are safe from this tyranny in the privacy of their homes. They are not. An old lady who was born in Germany but lived in America most of her life, asked me to go with her to Regensburg to visit an old school friend. The news had spread that Frau Schneider was going to have two visitors from America. There was much excitement among her neighbors.

No sooner had we entered the house than two men from the Gestapo called and asked who we were, where we came from and why we were there.

They ordered Frau Schneider to leave her windows open, the curtains drawn back, and conduct the conversation in German. During our visit, they stood outside the window and listened to everything we said.

The first thing all Americans ask Germans is, "Why do you put up with Hitler?" They just look at you sadly and reply, "Wait—wait—and you will see!" And you do see. You're not in Germany long before you realize how utterly hopeless their situation is.

How strange it seemed when Germans said, "Tell us the news in Germany. What is happening. What is going on?" It seemed incredible that such a thing could be possible. You would expect them to be interested in America—but not at all. They are hungry for news of what is happening in their own country. You are stunned by this until you reflect that all sources of information have been

cut off from the people of Germany.

The press is government controlled. All of the newspapers in the dictatorships are owned by the Hitlers, Goerings, Goebbelses, Mussolinis, Gaydas and Stalins. They print only what they want the people to know. They publish the most outlandish stories and suppress all information that might discredit them or make it appear that things are not functioning according to their schedules.

With the radio under government control and people forbidden to discuss any problem among themselves, it is easy to understand what they mean when they say, "Wait—and you will see why we put up with Hitler." There is nothing they can do about it.

Let me add that all these things happened *before the war*. Multiply them 100 times and you will have a fair picture of what the people in Europe are enduring *now* under war dictatorship.



Since the beginning of the war 150,000 young Irishmen from Éire have crossed over to England or North Ireland to join the British army. As the population of Éire is about 2½% of the population of the U.S., that is the equivalent of an American volunteer army of roughly 6 million men. That De Valera didn't stop enlistments, and isn't yet stopping them, is significant, to say the least. Actually, there is hardly a family in Éire that hasn't a relative with the British armed forces, or at work in England's munitions factories.

M. Grattan O'Leary in *Collier's* (21 Feb. '42).

The Place of the Humming Birds

By DOROTHY REYNOLDS

Politeness of simplicity

Condensed from *Travel**

On the shores of Lake Patzcuaro in western Mexico lies the town of Tzintzuntzan, once capital of the pre-Conquest Indian kingdom of the Tarascans, today a picturesque red-tiled fishing village, almost hidden among the trees. It is still overwhelmingly Indian, and is in the center of one of the most conservative regions of Mexico, a region where old ways persist. In the near-by mountains dwell tribes which fled terror stricken at the coming of the first Spanish soldiers and have remained virtually isolated from the outside world ever since, clinging to their ancient culture, which was almost as advanced as that of the Aztecs.

Tzintzuntzan itself seems very far away from the stream of modern life, even for Mexico, where the new and the old mingle in such kaleidoscopic succession and juxtaposition.

Once you have learned to disregard its bewilderingly complicated spelling, the name Tzintzuntzan is as musical as the clear tinkling of silver chimes. You find yourself chanting it over and over, "Sin-soon-san! Sin-soon-san!" lengthening the vowels singingly in a rising and falling inflection with just a suggestion of the t's to give it the faint metallic vibration of swinging bells.

The name means Place of the Humming Birds. It was bestowed upon the town, according to an ancient legend, because when the ancestors of the Tarascans were moving southward in their great prehistoric migration, they were brought to a halt on the shores of Lake Patzcuaro by clouds of gold-and-crimson humming birds, which spoke to the leaders of the group, telling them that the tribal gods wished them to settle there and erect a city which would become the foundation of a mighty nation.

After the Conquest, it was, for a time, the capital of the province of Michoacan and the center from which the beloved Bishop Vasco de Quiroga undertook the task of reconciling the proud and warlike Tarascans to an acceptance of Christianity and a life of peace under the rule of Spain. He succeeded so well that even today his name is spoken with the deepest reverence.

The delightful way of getting to Tzintzuntzan is by Indian dugout or by one of the little launches that ply the lake. But the easiest access is by bus, and that trip, too, has its charm, for the road winds along the shore, skirting its marshy, rush-grown edges for a while, then dips and curves be-

*116 E. 16th St., New York City. March, 1942.

tween rolling hills before suddenly coming out again at the water's edge and swinging up to the town plaza. From there it is only a block or so to the most famous spot in the village: the chapel of an old convent in which is hung a fine oil painting representing the descent from the cross, supposed to have been done by Titian himself, and presented to Bishop Quiroga by Philip II of Spain in appreciation of his work.

I do not know whether or not the large painting that appeared when a heavy curtain was reverently drawn aside was, indeed, the work of the Venetian master. Truth to tell, the present-day Indians interested me much more than did the 16th-century masterpiece. I happened to come into the churchyard just as Sunday Mass ended, and the Indians were pouring out—serious, weatherbeaten men, striding along sturdily, with their wives and children clustered about them or trotting just behind.

The churchyard was a large grove of silvery-leaved olive trees, planted by Bishop Quiroga and looked upon by the Indians as a replica of the Garden of Gethsemane, with gnarled black trunks, torn and weathered by the years. Uncut grass carpeted the ground, crisscrossed by paths. Between two of the trees, church bells hung from a stout, hand-hewn beam, and in various parts of the yard stood little niches, each surmounted by a small stone cross.

The guide who had taken me into his determined custody explained that they represented the Stations of the Cross and that during Holy Week the drama of the passion was enacted there by the fishermen, who played the roles of Jews, Romans, apostles, Herod and the rest. "We try to pick an Indian who has long hair and is as light as possible for the part of *Jesucristo*," he added, "for He was a Jew, and the Jews are white, isn't it the truth?"

I nodded, thinking that it should not be difficult to find a good *Cristo* among the villagers for, although their skin might be a trifle dark, they were otherwise surprisingly like an El Greco conception of our Lord: thin and rather sad, with narrow faces and long, ascetic-looking heads. Then my guide went on to explain how the drama was acted out, with the performers going from niche to niche; how Christ appeared before Pilate and was whipped and tortured, "but not really; it was only acting, and for the whipping and torture they had a statue which was substituted for the real man." After that they placed a crucifix on his shoulders and he made the Way of the Cross, stumbling and falling, and being lifted to his feet again. Then at last came the final act of the drama (here, once more, the actor was replaced by the wooden image) in which Christ was nailed to the cross and left hanging until he was dead.

"*Muerto!*" I exclaimed. The atmos-

phere of the olive grove must have caused me to put more than the required amount of conviction into my voice, for the narrator hastened to reassure me.

"But not really dead! It is only the wooden statue which is nailed to the cross. You understand, don't you, that the real man is not really killed?"

I nodded, and when he saw that I was in no hurry, as American tourists usually are, he took me around behind the main church to see a still earlier one, a small adobe building constructed under the supervision of Bishop Quiroga himself. Unfortunately, the door was locked, but he told me that within was a painting of the sun at one side of the altar and of the moon at the other, made by early converts.

Then he pointed out the town's ancient fortifications above the village on a hill perhaps half a mile away. I climbed up the narrow stony path and stood, puffing from so much exertion at that 7,000-foot altitude, amid the ruins of what had once been the capital of the kings of the Tarascans. Those kings had built solidly: the great walls and pyramids have suffered little from the passing centuries. Indeed, scarcely a single one of the immense, carefully hewn stones is out of place.

Some of the Tarascan structures were erected with curved sides, in contrast to those of the Aztecs which nearly always have straight sides and

right-angle corners. Near by are bone piles containing the pre-Christian remains of hundreds of sacrificial victims.

From the hilltop I could see several of the 20 or more picturesque villages located on small islands and strung along the shores of high-lying, cloud-roofed Lake Patzcuaro, many of which can be reached only by boat or on foot or horseback. The inhabitants make their living principally by fishing, the favorite catch being *pescado blanco*, an unusually white fish. The men use dugout canoes, propelled with lollipop-shaped paddles, which can be manipulated in the plant-choked waters of the lake more easily than if they were of the usual form. Wild fowl, abundant along the reedy shores, are also hunted, and most families have small patches of corn, beans and squash.

Growing hungry, I tried to find a place to buy some food. But there was no restaurant, nor even any market or bakery. One shop did have a few cans of tinned salmon, but the proprietor agreed with me that one could hardly make a meal solely on fish. Then, with a flash of inspiration, he suggested that, if I could wait a few minutes, his wife would cook me a lunch. I was ushered into a sunny patio, where in due time a table was set with the staple village foods: soup, beans, an egg, a cup of coffee, and even two or three stale sweet rolls, dug up heaven knows where, and served to me with

such an air of pride that I did not dare mention that I would prefer hot tortillas.

A long waiting line had formed by the time the bus arrived, already crowded to overflowing, so there was a wild scramble to get aboard. I was certain for a few breathless moments that I would either have to walk back to Patzcuaro or else spend the night curled up on a park bench in Tzintzuntzan. But perseverance and hard pushing accomplished a miracle, and at last everybody was jammed inside. While I stood half crouching beside the door in the back-breaking, neck-cramping position which was the only one possible, I heard behind me a soft

hissing (the sound a Mexican makes to attract one's attention) and saw two plump women, with the customary quiet courtesy of the Indian, squeezing over to make room for me on a tiny seat upon which they were seated back to back. I was certain that I could never force my way down that crowded aisle, but my fellow passengers knew better. "Yes, it is possible!" they insisted cheerfully, helping me along by a few well-directed shoves from behind. So, at last, I was deposited on a microscopic seat edge. The bus started with a jerk, picked up speed with a roar, and in a cloud of dust, went racing out of Tzintzuntzan, the Place of the Humming Birds.



Flights of Fancy

Axistence is not life.—*Agnes Curran.*

Knitters' slogan: Remember, Purl Harder.

She ran her life on a fuss-budget.—*Marion Simms.*

Propaganda: news that is print to fit.—*M. Raymond, O.C.S.O.*

Made it up as she remembered having read it.—*Sister Nicola, C.S.J.*

As ubiquitous as Mrs. Roosevelt.—*Francis B. Thornton.*

When two egotists get together it is an *I* for an *I*.—*Sister Stella Regina.*

The hooded clouds, like friars, tell their beads in drops of rain.—*Longfellow.*

Such long legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else.—*Dickens.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Prescription for Wartime

By DR. A. J. CRONIN

Condensed from *Red Book**

Forge for unbeaten will

A week after Pearl Harbor, a solid citizen, and my neighbor, whose blood had boiled at the dastardly attack, informed me with a grin how he had beaten the rubber shortage by buying a stock of eight dozen golf balls. On the very day Colin Kelly gave up his life in the defense of his country, my friend was using his utmost endeavor—not to give up his game of golf.

Blasted to its foundations, the comfortable world we knew is rocking about our ears. A trail of havoc, rapine, torture and enslavement is being blazed around the earth. In fetid jungles and infested swamps American soldiers, battered day and night, gaunt-checked and tight-lipped, are dying with their backs to the wall—dying that we may live. Surely this is something to remember when next we think of relaxing for another spell of self-indulgence.

For all who care to read, the writing is plain upon the wall. We shall not, we cannot win this war without the maximum of sacrifice, the merciless annihilation, by each of us, of self. We cannot buy our way to victory. Superior man power, preponderance of planes, weight of steel alone will not bring us to the clear horizon of a happy peace. This war is a war of the

spirit. A vile and heathen creed has reared its hydra head, a creed which degrades the morals and the minds of youth; preaches only the fever and lust of conquest; suppresses all religion; murders the ministers of God, desecrates churches; hangs, shoots, beheads and burns alive innocent captives, children and aged women, in wanton savagery; cuts tolerance and liberality from the lives and hearts of men. It is to destroy this horror that we have joined ourselves in battle.

Therefore must we hold this burning purpose, constantly, fervently, in our minds; must let it color every action of our daily lives. It is not given to all of us to lead in battle, but we can at least pray for those who do.

Alas! The mention of the word is dangerous. Prayer has become the target of the cynic, the scoffer, the smart sophisticate who would sooner stand upon his head in a crowded street than kneel, in solitude, before the altar of his God. That is but another symptom of our moral lethargy. Those who do pray know what miracles it can accomplish. By prayer I mean no canting lip service, but a simple raising of the mind and heart to God, a dedication of ourselves to the Ultimate Reality. Even if we are without faith,

*230 Park Ave., New York City. April, 1942.

let us be logical. If we fight to preserve the Christian ethic, the least we can do is to give it a chance in our own lives.

Goodness is of itself a weapon of undreamed-of power. It unifies, sustains, fills the soul with fortitude. It gives us patience to endure all things to the end. In this hour of crisis, in the darker hours of suffering which may come, our empty churches beckon us. Let us fill them to overflowing.

No one would dare to fathom the vast inscrutable design which molds the destinies of men. Yet if we could presume to lift our eyes and read the darkling stars, we might dimly glimpse in this terrible judgment which now enfolds our world some stern and masterful purpose for the betterment of all humanity. The world had forgotten God. Indulged by years of easy

living, dazzled by the false illusions of material prosperity, we had turned our faces from the skies. Now we must slough off, like a snake his skin, our selfish habits of the past. We must again embrace, gladly, the bare simplicities of life, practice self-discipline, economy, a Spartan austerity. Make no mistake. Our enemies have austerity and iron discipline, both. It is for us to prove that sacrifice to Attila must pale before the sacrifice of Christ.

If God be for us, who can be against us? This is the faith, humbling yet exalting, in which we all must band ourselves as one great brotherhood, marching in unison toward the dawn. When the sound and fury of battle lie behind us, the lessons we have learned will not have been in vain. The blueprint for enduring peace will be ready, in our hands.



As a youth, von Ketteler was quite hot-tempered, but as he grew older, he gradually achieved patience.

One day after he had been made bishop he was emerging from the cathedral of Mayence when a child ran up as if desirous of kissing his ring. The bishop presented his hand to the child, but the latter, instead of kissing it, spat upon it and then turned to run away.

The bishop caught the child, however, and said gently, "How much did they give you for doing that?"

"Five pennies," said the frightened child.

"Well," said the bishop, "here are ten pennies, and please don't do it again."

The *Denver Register* quoted in the *Liguorian* (March '42).

Our Island Stepping Stones

By HALLETT ABEND

Condensed from *The Sign**

Get your map out

"The wars of the future, possibly even the last years of this present war, will be fought by armored planes in the air, men in armored tanks on the ground, and by more heavily armored submarines in the depths of the sea. Infantry, as we have known it for centuries, is useless against machine guns blazing from the sky; and navies, as we have known them, are useless against dive-bombing planes and aerial torpedoes."

It was Peter Fraser, the prime minister of New Zealand, speaking. We had been fellow passengers in a Pan-American Clipper from Los Angeles to Honolulu, and on the morning of Sept. 10 we again found ourselves in the same plane. He was returning to New Zealand after a flight to war conferences in Egypt, London and Ottawa, and a stopover in Washington to arrange for greater Lend-Lease aid to his commonwealth. I was flying to Manila, by way of New Zealand, Australia, and the Netherlands East Indies.

We had taken off from Pearl Harbor at precisely the time of the brief glory of an incomparable Hawaiian sunrise. As we talked of the progress of the war, and the certainty of participation by the U. S. at an early date,

the giant Clipper was 12,000 feet aloft, in a world of almost unbearable beauty: the blue of the measureless sky, the pellucid brightness of the sunlight and, 5,000 feet below us for unmeasured miles, billowing clouds touched to shining silver by the light of the sun. Now and then the clouds parted, and the sunlit ocean far below, doubtless rolling with long whitecapped swells, looked only like a flat greenish-blue tablet of slate with faint white markings on what seemed to be a lusterless level surface.

"The mastery of the air will mean the mastery of the world," the premier continued. "I was in Alexandria, in Egypt, a few months ago when we were trying to evacuate Greece and Crete. Naval mastery of the eastern end of the Mediterranean did us no good. Our troop ships and even our hospital ships were pursued by planes and were bombed and machine-gunned night and day all the way from Crete and right into Alexandria's harbor. I was there—on the docks—and know what I am talking about."

We had started upon a southward flight of 1,914 miles, and would see no land until we reached Canton Island early in the evening.

"All of these islands," Mr. Fraser re-

* *Union City, N.J. March, 1942.*

sumed, with a gesture to the right and left of our plane's course, "were worth nothing until the airplane was perfected for long-range flying. Most of them were uninhabited, most have no harbors. They were useless little atolls, some without even springs of fresh water, and, greedy as the nations have been, no one cared to own them. But now these islands have become priceless. They are stepping stones across the world's greatest ocean. They will be fought over. When we war against Japan the possession of these islands will cut down the time between my country and yours from a three-week voyage across a submarine infested sea to an air journey of only four days."

As we flew to the southwest, Johnston Island was several hundred miles off to our right, Palmyra to our left, and beyond Palmyra the Christmas Islands. Both Johnston and Palmyra are now U. S. naval air stations, with service facilities for naval planes, and short quarters for officers and men. But they are not fortified. A Japanese submarine surfaced and shelled defenseless Johnston Island in December.

The Christmas Islands are jointly owned by the U. S. and Britain, but northeast of them are Washington and Fanning Islands, both British owned, and to the southwest is Jarvis Island, owned by the U. S. Almost on the equator, and near the line of flight from Honolulu to Canton Island, are

Howland and Baker, insignificant little dots, American owned, and now of the highest strategic value.

Beyond Canton Island southward there are many stepping stones under several national ownerships. Most important to us, and most likely to be raided by the Japanese, is American Samoa, where we have a magnificent landlocked harbor, and a naval base and a naval air station. Near by are the British Fiji and Tonga, or Friendly Islands. Fiji is fortified, after a fashion, and just before hostilities began was to have been the next southward stopping place for Clippers.

Up to November the regular flight was from Canton Island to Noumea, the port and largest town on New Caledonia. Luckily, New Caledonia, French owned, had declared for De Gaulle. This island is famous for its large and rich nickel mines, and at Noumea itself is a smelter to handle the ores. It will be surprising if Japan does not send naval shells or aerial bombs crashing into the smelter, for nickel is essential to armaments.

From Suva, on the Fijis, to Sydney, Australia, the flight is 1,743 miles. But from Noumea to Brisbane, Australia, the air distance is only about 800 miles. From American Samoa to Suva the flight is a little less than 600 miles. All these routes are now in active use, and American fighter, bomber, and transport planes are using British bases at will.

From these islands our scouting planes can range far, and harass Japanese trade lines. They can also be used as advance "eyes" for the Panama Canal, to spy out any eastward movements of raiders which might be heading from the Japanese Pacific islands toward our vital Canal Zone on the Isthmus.

As the war progresses, the American public will also hear more of our little known air and naval bases far to the north, along the Alaskan coast and in the westward-reaching Aleutian Islands. Already in December the navy issued a warning that Japanese submarines and other craft were lurking near our base at Kodiak Island. Other bases which may be subjected to damaging hit-and-run raids are those at Sitka, Dutch Harbor, Nome, Yakutat, and Metlakatla.

This summary of far-flung island bases sounds very encouraging, until it is remembered that Japan has Pacific islands, too — more than 3,000 of them, strategically located between Hawaii and the Philippines. "Floating fortresses," "a string of Pacific jewels," and "a stationary fleet of natural aircraft carriers" are phrases which enthusiastic Japanese have applied to these possessions, and they have not overestimated their value.

These Japanese islands lie somewhat roughly in the shape of a gigantic carpenter's square, with the short side running north and south, and the

longer side running east and west. This strategic chain begins in the north with the Ogasawara or Bonin group, only 500 miles south of Yokohama.

From Yokohama to Guam, now in Japanese hands, through the Bonin and Mariana archipelagoes, is some 1,400 miles. From Guam southwestward to Pelew is about 1,050 miles, and Pelew is the closest Japanese possession to the Philippines, except Formosa. From Pelew, eastward through the Caroline and Marshall Islands, to the Radak group the distance is about 2,650 miles. Wake, which so long and gallantly withstood Japanese attacks, lies inside the intersection of these two shanks.

Japan holds the Mariana, Caroline, and Marshall Islands as a result of having joined the League of Nations after the first World War. Her navy had captured them from Germany in 1914, when the British fleet was busy elsewhere. Under a pre-Armistice agreement in 1917, the custody of these islands was to remain with the Japanese empire, and this was confirmed under the treaty of Versailles, when they were handed over to Japan under the league's mandate system. Japan's last connection with the league was severed in March, 1935, but her connection with these strategic islands will have to be severed by the American navy.

Under the league mandate, Japan was in honor bound not to fortify

these islands, but of course she violated that contract. Gradually the islands have become populated solely by Japanese, except for a mere handful of downtrodden natives. For years Japan has refused to grant visas for travelers to visit any of these islands, which afford ideal hiding places for submarines, and are natural bases for both naval and land planes.

It is because of Japan's possession of these islands, where she has located an unguessed number of air bases, that American naval aid, troop transports and supply ships must now travel the long, long route by way of the northern Australian coast, the Torres strait, and the Arafura sea to reach even the most eastern of the islands of the Netherlands East Indies. Japan completely blankets all the direct approaches to the eastern Asiatic mainland, the Philippines, the East Indies and Singapore, and it will be a hard and costly job to blast her out of possession of these 3,000 "floating fortresses."

The long day had passed. The equator lay far behind. Sky and sea were clear of cloud or mist and a dramatic blending of sunset colors made the horizon indistinguishable except below and westward where the orange-colored sun was near the water line. We had flown 1,900 miles when a little blur appeared ahead—Canton Island, one of those precious stepping stones soon to become vital to us as a means

of reaching New Zealand, Australia, and the East Indies.

Canton Island is not defended in any way. It has no harbor, no planes to bomb an approaching submarine. Fuel and supply ships have to anchor a safe distance from the treacherous coral reefs, and send cargo to the island on lighters. As late as last November, there was not even a proper hospital on Canton Island. There is a competent physician there, on the staff of Pan-American Airways, a nurse, and an infirmary and dispensary.

Canton Island, one of those little Pacific atolls without even a spring of fresh water, and with its greatest natural elevation eight feet above high tide, is the smallest condominium in the world. It is jointly owned by the U. S. and Great Britain. Except for the wireless installations, fuel storage tanks, a post office, repair and machine shops, the small dispensary, cottages for employees of the air line, a reservoir to catch rain water, and the hotel, there is nothing on the island, and the casual passenger would not recognize its importance.

Noumea, the little port of New Caledonia, was to be our stop the next night, and Noumea is more than 1,900 miles from Canton Island, just as Canton Island is more than 1,900 miles from Pearl Harbor. There is no decent hotel at Noumea, but Clipper passengers are taken by launch from the

landing wharf and immigration inspection station to a luxurious private yacht anchored in Noumea bay.

Next morning's take-off was at a later hour than the departures from Honolulu and Canton Island, for we had before us a hop of only a little more than 1,200 miles, heading for Auckland, the beautiful northernmost port of New Zealand. At about two o'clock we sighted Cape Marie Van Diemen, the barren, rocky northernmost tip of New Zealand, and then flew down the east coast. Soon the country began to look like England. Rolling green hills, grazing sheep and cattle, winding roads and red-roofed houses gave it the look of a friendly land, a land of moderate well-being and hospitality. Even the sky was soon the gray of an English sky, and by the time we had sighted Auck-

land's splendid hill-encircled harbor we were flying through a typical English spring drizzle. And it was spring in New Zealand, early spring. Their climate in September is equivalent to that of March in a state like Virginia.

This is the route our army and navy flyers are taking now on their way to zones of combat in the East Indies, around Singapore, and elsewhere in the Far East. The Japanese, by cutting off the direct route to Manila by way of Midway, Wake, and Guam islands, force us to fly nearly 14,000 miles to reach Batavia, the one-time rendezvous of our own, the British and the Netherlands air, sea and land forces in the Far Pacific. Had we been able to hold the stepping stones due west of Honolulu the distance by plane from San Francisco to Manila would have been only 7,000 miles.



In the Heart of Russia

If communism, then also nazism

By MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE

Condensed from the *Glasgow Observer**

Time and again in the story of social progress Catholics have found themselves, if not on the wrong side, at least on the stupid and blind side. Fearing change and revolution and anticlericalism, they have in effect sup-

ported the old order which essentially was no more Christian than the new.

We have paid for that in acquiring, despite the radical quality of the Christian moral outlook, the reputation of being reactionaries and defend-

*14a St. Vincent Pl., Glasgow, C. 1, Scotland. Feb. 6, 1942.

ers of political and economic injustice. This historical lesson alone should prompt us to do everything possible to try to see through the obvious faults and flaws of the present revolutionary movements, to the underlying human demand for a better order. And never did revolutionaries have a better case than today. Every day that passes brings it home to us.

Every day that passes sees the spending of millions on the war effort. It sees men, women and children, nationally and internationally, marshalled for a gigantic effort. How was it, then, that before the war we could not afford the paltry sums needed to give work to the unemployed, to relieve undernourishment, to raise wages to a decent standard? How was it that our governments and industrial leaders refused to organize a comparable effort in the interests of a better social order? It was because they feared for their pockets and didn't care two hoots about the fate of the millions of their brothers and sisters.

I am not blind to the fact that bolshevism (like naziism and fascism) has some remarkable achievements to its credit. It has lifted millions out of a selfish and indifferentist spiritual rut; it has given them an ideal; it has given them corporate pride and hope; it has made the beginnings at least of a new country. We are witnessing the effects of these great contemporary social creeds in the mighty conflict be-

tween naziism and bolshevism, both of which are able to put up a degree of popular national resistance that is unprecedented.

But one thing I find very hard to follow, and that is the supposed distinction between bolshevism and naziism. It is amazing to me that they should so often be thought to be at opposite poles from one another. Though they originated differently, they have steadily grown closer and closer in aim: the creation of a strong nationalist people's state, repudiating the liberalisms, freedoms and religious moral values of the past, and substituting for them complete service of soul and body to a popular leader pledged to bring his people into the promised land of victory, security, comfort and progress.

Not all of this need be repulsive to the Christian. We also demand a social order whose ideal is the service of its members. We also are surely ready to sacrifice a great deal of the old-fashioned individualism, of parliamentary liberties, of class wars, if we can get in return a society which can inspire men to strive wholeheartedly for the common good, which seeks the raising of intellectual and cultural standards and which guarantees economic security—the basis of all real liberty (save only the highest liberty which no man can take away: the liberty of the sons of God).

But, admitting all these elements of

goodness, we Christians must still be haunted by one tremendous question. Are these great revolutionary movements in reaction against the godlessness and materialism of the liberal age or are they its climax and culmination? Are they returning to God or are they moving still farther away from Him?

To some readers it will sound just silly to ask the question, "How can bolshevism or naziism be a return to God?" Yet the Dean of Canterbury sincerely thinks that bolshevism is. We must not be too simple-minded. If the bolshevik ideal were really a protest against the injustices of capitalism and if it really associated these evils with an effete Christian order, it might prove in the end, despite the appearances, to be a roundabout way of returning to God; and many a sincere man has embraced communism for what are essentially religious reasons.

What is happening in Russia is still shrouded in mystery. We can, however, judge of what is happening in England.

Will anyone say that those who are heading the great movement to the left and that those who are following it are actuated by charity, unselfishness, disinterested idealism, revolt against religious hypocrisy, righteous anger at injustices done to their fellow men, a serious consciousness that they are pursuing truth and progress? Or are they enticed by the picture of

an easier and more vulgar world in which they will have more fun, count for more, be finally disembarassed from the ties of conscience and get even with their richer neighbor?

These lower ideals are perfectly compatible with a resolution to go through hell for a time in order to attain this promised land. Men may very well sustain hardship in order to attain ultimately to an order which is in fact nothing but the goal of the pleasure chase which has been run by the western world for 200 years.

Though I very often see mixed motives, I cannot convince myself that the real basic motive behind the contemporary revolutionary movements is other than the quick fulfillment of the lower, godless ideals which have been taught and preached these many years to all of us. That is why I think that the devil today is all nicely dressed up as the friend of the workingman.

But this is by no means the end of the story. If the basic motive is a bad one, are we to be surprised? Could it be otherwise after the generations of secularism and pagan propaganda in the interest of quick profits and cheap power? And surely no one will deny that there is genuine idealism mixed up in it all; that a genuine reaction against the vulgarity, selfishness, degradations, injustices of the past is buried within this revolutionary movement as it has been in all others.

And that is where Christianity, if it will, can come in. We must be opposed to bolshevism as it is, because bolshevism as it is is the crown of the post-Reformation errors, as also is naziism. But we shall also fearlessly proclaim that *we, too*, have done with the old order which had no interest in God and religion except as an instrument of stability and power, and that we as Christians never had any business with an order impregnated with social injustices. But our job is to base this reaction upon those Christian principles which the world rejected 400 years ago.

We have to explain to the new man, the revolutionary, that unless he turns against the past in the name of Christ he is not freeing himself, but building a gigantic concentration camp in which he and his children and his children's children will be imprisoned in the service of despotism and the machine. That is our warning to the admirers of bolshevism, as our warning to the die-hard is one of coming anarchy.

When I see this wave of hysterical admiration for the Soviet, combined with hatred for its twin brother, naziism, based upon no better foundation than the Soviet's own self-defense against the aggressor, I ask myself whether the strain of the war has not caused us all to lose our reason. Can the real secret of the new world to come be found in a prescription strangely similar to the one used by those we call the enemies of civilization? Is there really any sort of guarantee that this bolshevism, in its record, in its present leadership, in the policy it pursues at home and abroad, is sound and trustworthy? Is the idealism that may inspire some of its followers and excite its admirers here any more likely to burst through the crudity, tyranny and despotism than is the similar idealism among many nazi followers? And are our people simply trying to escape from the horrors of war into a dream world, overlooking the nightmare qualities of what is still too distant to be completely understood?

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Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Burton, Katherine. *In No Strange Land*. New York: Longmans. 254 pp. \$2.50.

Brief biographies of outstanding Americans who forsook their Protestantism, but none of their Americanism, for Catholicism. Absorbing as a novel, and more satisfying.

Connolly, James B. *Canton Captain*. New York: Doubleday. 342 pp. \$3.50.

Narrative of a China clipper captain, embodying the customs, dangers and romance of old seafaring days.

Fitzpatrick, Paul J., and Dirksen, Cletus F., C.P.P.S. *Bibliography of Economic Books and Pamphlets by Catholic Authors, 1891-1941*. Washington, D. C.: C. U. of Amer. Press. 55 pp. 50c, paper.

Invaluable as a timesaver.

Laverty, Maura. *Never No More*. New York: Longmans. 285 pp. \$2.50.

Romance and realism meet and mingle in this novel of Irish village life; the meandering narrative is irresistible, even in—and because of—its faults.

Maynard, Theodore. *Not Even Death*. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild. 61 pp. \$1.25.

Verses powerfully permeated with religious fervor.

McGuire, Paul. *Westward the Course!* New York: Morrow. 434 pp. \$3.75.

Traveler's historical account of all the islands and their peoples who with us fight Japan; written with verve and spice.

Moody, John. *Fast by the Road*. New York: Macmillan. 308 pp. \$2.50.

Convert's chatty account of ten years. His insights are good for born Catholics, will cushion converts against first shock.

Undset, Sigrid. *Return to the Future*. New York: Knopf. 251 pp. \$2.50.

In trenchant prose, a gold-star mother relates the story of her escape from Nazi-invaded Norway through Sweden, Russia and Japan to the U. S., estimates people and conditions she saw, and analyzes the horrors of the war.